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Knowles, James Sheridan  
The hunchback

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DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

# THE HUNCHBACK.

BY

J. S. KNOWLES.



"A WILLING PUPIL KNEELS TO THEE."

NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313. STRAND; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NEW YORK: SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 122, NASSAU STREET—SOLE AGENTS.

# DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS

## AND FREE ACTING DRAMA.

FOR THE REPRESENTATION OF WHICH THERE IS NO LEGAL CHARGE.

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# THE HUNCHBACK.

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



"A WILLING PUPIL KNEELS TO THEE."—Act 1, scene 3.

## Costumes and Cast of the Characters.

(First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, April 5, 1832.)

**MASTER WALTER** (*Mr. J. S. Knowles.*)—Slate-coloured doublet—trunks and hose—black shoes and rosettes—black rapier sword—lace collar—black hat and feathers.

**SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD** (*Mr. C. Kemble.*)—*First dress:* Black velvet doublet—white kerseymere breeches, trimmed with silver and bell buttons—white cloak—white hat and feathers—lace collar—lace ruffles at the cuffs and knees—rapier. *Second dress:* Black Ibid.

**LORD TINSEL** (*Mr. Wrench.*)—White kerseymere doublet, cloak, and breeches, trimmed with white satin—yellow morocco boots with hat and feathers—lace collar.

**MASTER WILFORD** (*Mr. J. Mason.*)—*First dress:* Dark gray doublet, trunks, hose, and cloak, trimmed with black velvet—shoes and rosettes—sword. *Second dress.* The same as Lord Tinsel's.

**MODUS** (*Mr. Abbot.*)—Gray cloth doublet and hose, trimmed with black velvet—black shoes and rosettes—plain collar.

**MASTER HEARTWELL** (*Mr. Evans.*)—Plum-coloured velvet doublet, cloak, and trunks—red hose—black hat, trimmed with gold lace and slashed with red satin—shoes and rosettes.

**GAYLOVE** (*Mr. Henry.*)—Drab and crimson slashed doublet and trunks—cloak, trimmed with bell buttons—boots—hat to match.

**FATHOM** (*Mr. Meadows.*)—Salmon-coloured doublet, vest, and trunks—red hose—russet shoes and rosette—plain collar.

**THOMAS** (*Mr. Barnes.*)—Brown Ibid.

**STEPHEN** (*Mr. W. H. Payne.*)—Crimson and yellow Ibid.

**WILLIAMS** (*Mr. Irwin.*)—Light blue doublet, trunks, and vest—blue hose—black shoes and rosettes.

SIMPSON (Mr. Brady).—Dark blue Ibid—sword.  
WAITER (Mr. Heath).—Light sauff-coloured Ibid.

HOLDWELL (Mr. Bender). — Plum-coloured cloth doublet and bell-buttoned vest—cloak—trunks—boots—hat and feathers—sword.

JULIA (Miss F. Kemble).—First dress: Fashionable white morning dress—white satin ribbon and lace. Second dress: Handsome white satin dress.

HELEN (Miss Taylor). — Fashionable white muslin morning dress. Second dress: White satin.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R. RC. C. LC. L.  
\* \* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

TO THE READER.—The passages marked with single inverted commas are omitted in representation.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Tavern.

SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD at a table, with wine before him, I. S. E.—MASTER WILFORD, GAYLOVE, HOLDWELL, and SIMPSON, seated at another table, E. S. E., taking wine—discovered.

Wil. (c.) Your wine, sir; your wine! You do not justice to mine host of the Three Tuns, nor credit to yourselves; I swear the beverage is good! It is as palatable poison as you will purchase within a mile round Ludgate! Drink, gentlemen; make free. You know I am a man of expectations; and hold my money as light as the purse in which I carry it.

Gay. (R. C.) We drink, Master Wilford; not a man of us has been chased as yet.

Wil. But you fill not fairly, sirs! Look at my measure! Wherefore a large glass, if not for a large draught? Fill, I pray you, else let us drink out of thimbles. This will never do for the friends of the nearest of kin to the wealthiest peer in Briton.

Gay. We give you joy, Master Wilford, of the prospect of advancement which has so unexpectedly opened to you.

Wil. Unexpectedly indeed! But yesterday arrived the news that the Earl's only son and heir had died; and, to-day, has the Earl himself been seized with mortal illness. His dissolution is looked for hourly; and I, his cousin in only the third degree, known to him but to be unnoticed by him—a decayed gentleman's son—glad of the title and revenues of a scrivener's clerk,—am the undoubted successor to his estates and coronet.

Gay. Have you been sent for?

Wil. No; but I have certified to his agent Master Walter, the Hunchback, my existence, and peculiar propinquity; and momentarily expect him here.

Gay. Lives there any one that may dispute your claim,—I mean vexatiously?

Wil. Not a man, Master Gaylove. I am the sole remaining branch of the family tree.

Gay. Doubtless you look for much happiness from this change of fortune?

Wil. A world! Three things have I an especial passion for. The finest hound, the finest horse, and the finest wife in the kingdom, Master Gaylove!

Gay. The finest wife?

Wil. Yes, sir; I marry. Once the Earldom comes into my line, I shall take measures to per-

petuate its remaining there. I marry, sir! I do not say that I shall love. My heart has changed mistresses too often to settle down in one servitude now, sir. But fill, I pray you, friends. This, if I mistake not, is the day whence I shall date my new fortunes; and, for that reason, hither have I invited you, that, having been so long my boon companions, you should be the first to congratulate me.

Enter WAITER, L.

Wai. You are wanted, Master Wilford.

Wil. By whom?

Wai. One Master Walter.

Wil. His lordship's agent! News, sirs! Show him in. [Exit Waiter, L.]

My heart's a prophet, sirs. The Earl is dead.

Enter MASTER WALTER, L.

Well, Master Walter. How accost you me?

Wal. As your impatience shows me you would have me.

My lord, the Earl of Rochdale!

Gay. (L. C.) Give you joy!

Hold. (R. c.) All happiness, my lord!

Sim. (a. corner.) Long life and health unto your lordship!

Gay. Come! (Going up to the table, R.)

We'll drink to his lordship's health! 'Tis two o'clock,

We'll e'en carouse till midnight. Health, my

Hold. My lord, much joy to you! [lord!]

Sim. All good to your lordship!

Wal. Give something to the dead!

Gay. Give what?

Wal. Respect!

He has made the living! First to him that's gone, Say "Peace,"—and then with decency to revels!

Gay. What means the knave by revels?

Wal. Knave?

Gay. Ay, knave!

Wal. Go to! Thou'rt flushed with wine!

Gay. Thou sayest false! [true]

Though didst thou need a proof thou speakest, I'd give thee one. Thou seest but one lord here, And I see two!

Wal. Reflect'st thou on my shape?

Thou art a villain!

Gay. (Starting up.) Ha!

Wal. (L.) A coward, too!

Draw! (Drawing his sword.)

Gay. (c.) Only mark him! how he struts about!

How laughs his straight sword at his noble back.



## THE HUNCHBACK.

Wal. Does it? It cuffs thee for a liar then!  
(*Strikes Gaylove with his sword.*)

Gay. A blow!

Wal. Another, lest you doubt the first!

Gay. His blood on his own head! I'm for you,  
sir! (*Draws.*)

Cl. (*Coming forward and drawing, c.*) Hold,  
sir!—This quarrel's mine!

Wal. No man shall fight for me, sir!

Cl. By your leave.

Your patience, pray! My lord, for so I learn  
Behoves me to accost you—for your own sake.  
Draw off your friend!

Wal. Not till we have a bout, sir!

Cl. My lord, your happy fortune fill you  
greet!—

Ill greet it those who love you—greeting thus  
The herald of it!

Wal. Sir, what's that to you?

Let go my sleeve!

Cl. My lord, if blood be shed

On the fair dawn of your prosperity,

Look not to see the brightness of its day.

'Twill be o'ercast throughout!

Gay. My lord, I'm struck!

Cl. You gave the first blow, and the hardest  
one!

Look, sir; if swords you needs must measure,  
I'm

Your mate, not he!

Wal. I'm mate for any man.

Cl. Draw off your friend, my lord, for your  
own sake!

Wil. Come, Gaylove! let's have another room.

Gay. With all my heart, since 'tis your lord-  
ship's will.

Wil. That's right! Put up! Come, friends!

[*Exeunt Wilford, Gaylove, Holdwell,  
and Simpson, R.*]

Wal. I'll follow him!

(*Crosses to R. c.—Clifford seizes his arm.*)

Why do you hold me? 'Tis not courteous of  
you!

Think'st thou I fear them? Fear! 'I rate them  
but

'As dust! dross! offals!' Let me at them!—  
Nay,

Call you this kind? then kindness know I not;

Nor do I thank you for't! Let go, I say!

Cl. Nay, Master Walter, they're not worth  
your wrath!

Wal. How know you me for Master Walter?  
By

My hunchback, eh?—my stilts of legs and arms,  
The fashion more of ape's, than man's? Aha!  
So you have heard them too—their savage gibes  
As I pass on,—“There goes my lord!” aha!  
God made me, sir, as well as them and you!  
Sdeath! I demand of you, unhand me, sir!

Cl. There, sir, you're free to follow them! Go  
forth,

And I'll go too; so on your wilfulness

Shall fall whate'er of evil may ensue.

Is't fit you waste your choler on a burr?

'The nothings of the town; whose sport it is

'To break their villain jests on worthy men,

'The graver still the fitter!' Fie for shame;

Regard what such would say? So would not I,  
No more than heed a cur.

Wal. You're right, sir; right.

For twenty crowns!—So there's my rapier up!

You've done me a good turn against my will;

Which, like the wayward child, whose pet is off,  
That made him restive under wholesome check,  
I now right humbly own, and thank you for.

Cl. No thanks, good Master Walter, owe you  
me!

I'm glad to know you, sir.

Wal. I pray you, now,

How d.d. you learn my name? Guess'd I not  
right?

Was't not my comely hunch that taught it you?

Cl. I own it.

Wal. Right, I know it; you tell truth.

I like you for't.

Cl. But when I heard it said

That Master Walter was a worthy man,

Whose word would pass on 'change soon as his  
bond;

A liberal man—for schemes of public good

That sets down tens, where others units write;

A charitable man—the good he does,

That's told of, not the half—I never more

Could see the hunch on Master Walter's back!

Wal. You would not flatter a poor citizen?

Cl. Indeed, I flatter not!

Wal. I like your face—

A frank, and honest one! Your frame's well  
knit,

Proportioned, shaped!

Cl. Good sir!

Wal. Your name is Clifford?—

Sir Thomas Clifford. Humph! You're not the  
heir

Direct to the fair baronetcy? He

'That was, was drown'd abroad. Am I not right?

Your cousin was't not? So, succeeded you

To rank and wealth, your birth ne'er promised  
you.

Cl. I see you know my history.

Wal. I do.

Your'e lucky who conjoin the benefits

Of penury and abundance; for I know

Your father was a man of slender means.

You do not blush, I see. That's right! Why  
should you?

What merit to be dropp'd on fortune's hill?

The honour is to mount it. You have done it;

For you were train'd to knowledge, industry,

Frugality, and honesty,—the sinews

That surest help the climber to the top,

And keep him there. I have a clerk, Sir Thomas,  
Once served your father; there's the riddle for  
you.

Humph! I may thank you for my life to-day.

Cl. I pray you say not so.

Wal. But I will say so!

Because I think so, know so, feel so, sir!

Your fortune, I have heard, I think, is ample!

And doubtless you live up to't?

Cl. 'Twas my rule,

And is so still, to keep my outlay, sir,

A span within my means.

Wal. A prudent rule!

The turf is a seductive pastime?

Cl. Yes.

Wal. You keep a racing stud? You bet?

Cl. No, neither.

'Twas still my father's precept—"Better ewe

A yard of land to labour, than to chance

Be debtor for a rood!"

Wal. 'Twas a wise precept.

You've a fair house—you'll get a mistress for  
it?

*Cl.* In time.

*Wal.* In time! 'Tis time thy choice were made.

Is't not so yet? Or is thy lady love  
The newest still thou see'st?

*Cl.* Nay, not so.

I'd marry, Master Walter, but old use—  
For, since the age of thirteen, I have lived  
In the world—has made me jealous of the thing  
That flatter'd me with hope of profit. Bargains  
'Another would snap up, might be for me  
'Till I had turn'd and turn'd them! Speculations,

That promised twenty, thirty, forty, fifty,  
Ay, cent. per cent. returns, I would not launch  
in,

When others were afloat, and out at sea;  
Whereby I made small gains, but miss'd great  
losses.

As ever then I look'd before I leap'd,

So do I now.

*Wal.* Thou'art all the better for it!

Let's see! Hand free—heart whole—well fa-  
vour'd—so!

Rich—titled—let that pass!—kind, valiant, pru-  
dent—

Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife,  
Hast thou the luck to win her!

*Cl.* Master Walter!

You jest!

*Wal.* I do not jest.—I like you!—mark—  
I like you—and I like not every one!

I say a wife, sir, can I help you to,

'The pearly texture of whose dainty skin

'Alone were worth thy baronetcy! Form

'And feature has she, wherein move and glow

'The charms, that in the marble cold and still

'Cull'd by the sculptor's jealous skill, and join'd  
there,

'Inspire us! Sir, a maid, beneath whose feet

'A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,

'To lift her to his state, and partner her!

'A fresh heart too! A young fresh heart, sir,  
one

That Cupid has not toy'd with; and a warm  
one—

Fresh, young, warm!—mark that! a mind to  
boot.

Wit, sir; sense, taste;—a garden strictly  
tended—

Where nought but what is costly flourishes.

A consort for a king, sir! Thou shalt see her.  
(Crosses to L.)

*Cl.* I thank you, Master Walter! As you  
speak,

Methinks I see me at the altar-foot!

Her hand fast lock'd in mine—the ring put on.

My wedding bell rings merry in my ear;

And round me throng glad tongues that give me  
joy

To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride!

*Wal.* What! sparks so thick? We'll have a  
blaze anon!

Enter a SERVANT, L.

*Serv.* The chariot's at the door.

*Wal.* It waits in time!

Sir Thomas, it shall bear thee to the bower  
Where dwells this fair—for she's no city belle,  
But e'en a sylvan goddess.

*Cl.* Have with you!

*Wal.* You'll bless the day you served the Hunch-  
back, sir!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—A Garden before a Country House.

Enter HELEN and JULIA, R.

*Helen.* I like not, Julia, this your country life.  
I'm weary on't!

*Julia.* Indeed? So am not I!

I know no other; would no other know.

*Helen.* You would no other know! Would you  
not know

Another relative?—another friend—

Another house—another anything,

Because the ones you have already please you?

That's poor content! Would you not be more  
rich,

More wise, more fair? The song that last you  
learn'd

You fancy well; and therefore shall you learn

No other song? Your virginal, 'tis true,

Hath a sweet tone; but does it follow thence,

You shall not have another virginal?

You may, love, and a sweeter one; and so

A sweeter life may find, than this you lead!

*Julia.* I seek it not. Helen, I'm constancy!

*Helen.* So is a cat, a dog, a silly hen,

An owl, a bat,—where they are wont to lodge

That still sojourn, nor care to shift their quarters.

Thou'rt constancy? I'm glad I know thy name!

The spider comes of the same family,

That in his meshy fortress spends his life,

Unless you pull it down and scare him from it.

And so thou'rt constancy? Art proud of that?

I'll warrant thee I'll match thee with a snail

From year to year that never leaves his house!

Such constancy forsooth! A constant grub

That houses ever in the self-same nut

Where he was born, till hunger drives him out,

Or plunder breaketh through his castle wall!

And so, in very deed, thou'rt constancy!

*Julia.* Helen, you know the adage of the tree;—

I've ta'en the bend. This rural life of mine,

Enjoin'd me by an unknown father's will,

I've led from infancy. Debar'd from hope

Of change, I ne'er have sigh'd for change. The  
town

To me was like the moon, for any thought

I e'er should visit it—nor was I school'd

To think it half so fair!

*Helen.* Not half so fair!

The town's the sun, and thou hast dwelt in night

E'er since thy birth, not to have seen the town!

Their women there are queens, and kings their  
men;

Their houses palaces!

*Julia.* And what of that?

Have your town palaces a hall like this?

Conches so fragrant? walls so high adorn'd?

Casements with such festoons, such prospects,

Helen,

As these fair vistas have? Your kings and  
queens!

See me a May-day queen, and talk of them!

*Helen.* Extremes are ever neighbours. 'Tis a  
step

From one to the other! Were thy constancy

A reasonable thing—a little less

Of constancy—a woman's constancy—

I should not wonder wert thou ten years hence

The maid I know thee now; but, as it is,



The odds are ten to one, that this day year  
Will see our May-day queen a city one.

Julia. Never! I'm wedded to a country life:

O, did you hear what Master Walter says!  
Nine times in ten, the town's a hollow thing,  
Where what things are is nought to what they  
show;

Where merit's name laughs merit's self to  
scorn!

Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be  
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks  
And tongues alone. Where little virtue, with  
A costly keeper, passes for a heap;  
A heap for none that has a homely one!  
Where fashion makes the law—your umpire  
which

You bow to, whether it has brains or not,  
Where folly taketh off his cap and bells,  
To clap on Wisdom, which must bear the jest!  
Where to pass current you must seem the thing,  
The passive thing, that others think: and not  
Your simple, honest, independent self!

Helen. Ay; so says Master Walter. See I not  
What can you find in Master Walter, Julia,  
To be so fond of him!

Julia. He's fond of me.  
I've known him since I was a child. E'en then  
The week I thought a weary, heavy one,  
That brought not Master Walter. I had those  
About me then that made a fool of me,  
As children oft are fool'd; but more I loved  
Good Master Walter's lesson than the play  
With which they'd surfeit me. As I grew up,  
More frequent Master Walter came, and more  
I loved to see him. I had tutors then,  
Men of great skill and learning—but not one  
That taught like Master Walter. What they'd  
show me,

And I, dull as I was, but doubtful saw,—  
A word from Master Walter made as clear  
As day-light. When my schooling days were  
o'er—

That's now good three years past—three years—  
I vow

I'm twenty, Helen!—well, as I was saying,  
When I had done with school, and all were gone,  
Still Master Walter came! and still he comes,  
Summer or winter—frost or rain. I've seen  
The snow upon a level with the hedge,  
Yet there was Master Walter!

(Crosses to L.)

Helen. (Looking off, L.) Who comes here?  
A carriage, and a gay one,—who alights?  
Pshaw! Only Master Walter! What see you,  
Which thus repairs the arch of the fair brow,  
A frown was like to spoil?—A gentleman!  
One of our town kings. Mark—how say you  
now?

Wouldst be a town queen, Julia? Which of us,  
I wonder, comes he for?

Julia. For neither of us;  
He's Master Walter's clerk, most like.

Helen. Most like!  
Mark him as he comes up the avenue;  
So looks a clerk! A clerk has such a gait!  
So does a clerk dress, Julia,—mind his hose—  
They're very like a clerk's! a diamond loop  
And button, note you, for his clerkship's hat—  
O, certainly a clerk! A velvet cloak,  
Jerk in of silk, and doublet of the same,  
For all the world a clerk! See, Julia, see,  
How Master Walter bows, and yields him place,

That he may first go in,—a very clerk!  
I'll learn of thee, love, when I'd know a clerk.

Julia. I wonder who he is.

Helen. Wouldst like to know?

Wouldst for a fancy, ride to town with him?

I prophecy he comes to take thee thither.

Julia. He ne'er takes me to town. No, Helen,  
no,

To town who will—a country life for me!

Helen. We'll see.

Enter FATHOM, L.

Fat. You're wanted, madam.

Julia. (Embarrassed.) Which of us?

Fat. You, madam.

(Retires up, L.)

Helen. Julia! what's the matter? Nay,  
Mount not the rose so soon. He must not see it  
A month hence. 'Tis love's flower, which once  
she wears,

The maid is all his own.

Julia. Go to!

Helen. Be sure.

He comes to woo thee! He will bear thee  
hence:

He'll make thee change the country for the  
town.

Julia. I'm constancy. Name he the town to  
me,

I'll tell him what I think on't.

Helen. Then you guess

He comes a wooing.

Julia. I guess nought.

Helen. You do!

At your grave words, your lips, more honest,  
smile,

And show them to be traitors. Hie to him.

Julia. Hie thee to soberness.

[Exit, L.]

Helen. Ay, will I, when,  
Thy bridemaid, I shall hie to church with thee,  
Well, Fathom, who is come?

Fat. I know not.

Helen. What!

Didst thou not hear his name?

Fat. I did.

Helen. What is't?

Fat. I noted not.

Helen. What hast thou ears for, then?

Fat. What good were it for me to mind his  
name?

I do but what I must do. To do that  
Is labour quite enough!

Walter. (Without, L.) What, Fathom!

Fat. Here.

Enter MASTER WALTER, L.

Wal. Here, sirrah! Wherefore did'st not come  
to me?

Fat. (c.) You did not bid me come.

Wal. I call'd thee.

Fat. Yes,

And I said, "Here;" and waited then to know  
Your worship's will with me.

Wal. We go to town.

Thy mistress, thou, and all the house.

Fat. Well, sir?

Wal. Mak'st thou not ready then to go to  
town? (Fathom crosses to L.)

Hence, knave, despatch! [Exit Fathom, L.]

Helen. (R. c.) Go we to town?

Wal. (L. c.) We do,  
'Tis now her father's will she sees the town.  
Helen. I'm glad on't. Goes she to her father?  
Wal. No;

At the desire of thine, she for a term  
Shares roof with thee.

Helen. I'm very glad on't.

Wal. What!

You like her then? I thought you would. 'Tis  
time

She sees the town.

Helen. It has been time for that

These six years.

Wal. By thy wisdom's count. No doubt

You've told her what a precious place it is.

Helen. I have.

Wal. I even guessed as much. For that

I told thee of her; brought thee here to see her;

And pray'd thee sojourn a space with her;

That its fair space, from thy too fair report,

Might strike a novice less,—so less deceive her.

I did not put thee under check.

Helen. 'Twas right,—

Ere had I broken loose, and run the wilder!

So knows she not her father yet: that's strange.

I prithee how does mine?

Wal. Well—very well.

News for thee.

Helen. What?

Wal. Thy cousin is in town.

Helen. My cousin Modus?

Wal. Much do I suspect

That cousin's nearer to thy heart than blood.

Helen. Pshaw! Wed me to a musty library!

Love him who loves nothing but Greek and  
Latin!

But, Master Walter, you forget the main

Surpassing point of all! Who comes with you?

Wal. Ay, that's the question!

Helen. Is he a soldier or

Civilian? lord or gentleman? He's rich,

If that's his chariot! Where is his estate:

What brings it in? Six thousand pounds a year?

Twelve thousand, maybe! Is he bachelor,

Or husband? Bachelor, I'm sure he is!

Comes he not hither wooing, Master Walter?

Nay, prithee, answer me!

Wal. Who says the sex

Are curious? That they're patient, I'll be  
sworn;

And reasonable—very reasonable—

To look for twenty answers in a breath!

Come, thou shalt be enlightened—but propound

Thy questions one by one! Thou'rt far too apt

A scholar! My ability to teach

Will ne'er keep pace, I fear, with thine to learn.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

### SCENE III.—An Apartment in the House.

Enter JULIA, followed by CLIFFORD, R.

Julia. No more! I pray you, sir, no more!

Cliff. I love you.

Julia. You mock me, sir!

Cliff. Then is no such thing

On earth as reverence. Honour filial, the fear  
Of kings, the awe of Supreme Heaven itself,  
Are only shows and sounds that stand for no-  
thing.

I love you!

Julia. You have known me scarce a minute.

Cliff. Say but a moment, still I say I love you.

Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth:  
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun—  
For rain;—matures by parts,—must take its  
time

To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns

A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!

You look for it, and see it not! and lo!

E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,

Consume in the birth!

Julia. (*Aside.*) Is't fear I feel?

Why else should beat my heart? It can't be  
fear!

Something I needs must say. (*Aloud.*) You're  
from the town:

How comes it, sir, you seek a country wife?

Methinks 'twill tax his wit to answer that. (*Aside.*)

Cliff. In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.

Complexion, stature, nature, match it,

Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.

Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie:

The form of Hercules affects the sylph's;

And breasts that ease the lion's fear-proof heart

Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors  
dwell;

Haply for this, on Africa's swarthy neck,

Hath Europe's priceless pearl been seen to hang,

That makes the orient poor! So with degrees.

Rank passes by the circlet-graced brow,

Upon the forehead bare of notelessness

To print the nuptial kiss. As with degrees

So is't with habits; therefore, I, indeed!

A gallant of the town, the town forsake,

To win a country wife.

Julia. (*Aside.*) His prompt reply

My backward challenge-shames! Must I give  
o'er?

I'll try his wit again. (*Aloud.*) Who marries me  
Must lead a country life.

Cliff. The life I'd lead!

But fools would fly from it; 'for O! 'tis sweet!

'It finds the heart out, be there one to find;

'And corners in't where store of pleasures lodge.

'We never dream'd were there!' It is to dwell

'Mid smiles that are not neighbours to deceit;

Music whose melody is of the heart,

And gifts that are not made for interest—

Abundantly bestowed by nature's cheek,

And voice, and hand! It is to live on life,

And husband it! It is to constant scan

The handiwork of Heaven! It is to con-

Its mercy, bounty, wisdom, power! It is

To nearer see our God!

Julia. (*Aside.*) How like he talks!

To Master Walter! Shall I give it o'er?

Not yet. (*Aloud.*) Thou wouldst not live one  
half a year!

A quarter mightst thou for the novelty  
Of fields and trees: but then it needs must be  
In summer time, when they go dress'd.

Cliff. Not it!

In any time—say winter! Fields and trees  
Have charms for me in the very winter time.

Julia. But snow may clothe them then.

Cliff. I like them full

As well in snow.

Julia. You do?

Cliff. I do!

Julia. But night

Will hide both snow and them, and that sets in

Ere afternoon is out. A heavy thing,

A country fireside in a winter's night,

To one bred in the town,—where winter's said,



## THE HUNCHBACK.

For son of quiety and sportiveness,  
To beggar shining summer.

*Cl.* I should like

A country winter's night especially!

*Julia.* You'd sleep by the fire.

*Cl.* Not I; I'd talk to thee.

*Julia.* You'd tire of that!

*Cl.* I'd read to thee.

*Julia.* And that!

*Cl.* I'd talk to thee again.

*Julia.* And sooner tire

Than first you did, and fall asleep at last.

You'd never do to lead a country life.

*Cl.* You deal too harshly with me! Matchless maid,

As loved instructor brightens dullest wit,

Fear not to undertake the charge of me!

A willing pupil kneels to thee, and lays

His title and his fortune at your feet. *(Kneels.)*

*Julia. (Aside.)* His title and his fortune!

*Enter MASTER WALTER and HELEN.—Julia, disconcerted, retires with the latter, R. U. E.—Clifford rises.*

*Wal.* So, Sir Thomas!

Aha! you husband time! well, was I right?

Is't not the jewel that I told you 'twas?

Would thou not give thine eyes to wear it? Eh?

It has an owner though,—nay, start not,—one

That may be brought to part with't, and with whom

I'll stand thy friend—I will—I say, I will!

A strange man, sir, and unaccountable;

But I can humour him—will humour him

For thy sake, good Sir Thomas, for I like thee.

Well, is't a bargain? Come, thy hand upon it.

A word or two with thee.

*(They retire, L. U. E.—Julia and Helen come forward.)*

*Julia. (L. c.)* Go up to town!

*Helen. (R. c.)* Have I not said it ten times o'er to thee?

But if thou lik'st it not, protest against it.

*Julia.* Not if 'tis Master Walter's will.

*Helen.* What then?

Thou wouldst not break thy heart for Master Walter?

*Julia.* That follows not!

*Helen.* What follows not?

*Julia.* That I

Should break my heart because we go to town.

*Helen.* Indeed!—O that's another matter.

Well,

I'd e'en advise thee then to do his will;

And ever after when I prophesy,

Believe me, Julia!

*(They retire, R. U. E.—Master Walter comes forward.)*

*Enter FATHOM, L.*

*Fat.* So please you, sir, a letter,—a post-haste letter! The bearer on horseback, the horse in a foam—smoking like a boiler at the heat—be sure a post-haste letter!

*Wal.* Look to the horse and rider.

*(Exit Fathom, L.—Walter opens the letter and reads.)*

What's this? A testament addressed to me, Found in his lordship's escrutoire, and thence

Directed to be taken by no hand

But mine. My presence instantly required.

*(Sir Thomas, Julia, and Helen come forward.)*

Come, my mistresses,

You dine in town to-day. Your father's will

It is, my Julia, that you see the world,

And thou shalt see it in its best attire.

Its gayest looks—its richest finery

It shall put on for thee, that thou may'st judge

Betwixt it, and the rural life you've lived.

Business of moment I'm but advised of,

Touching the will of my late noble master,

The Earl of Rochdale, recently deceased,

Commands me for a time to leave thee there.

Sir Thomas, hand her to the chariot. *(Clifford takes Julia's hand.)* Nay,

I tell thee true. We go indeed to town!

*[Exeunt L.]*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An apartment in Master Heartwell's House.

*Enter FATHOM and THOMAS, L.*

*Tho. (L. c.)* Well, Fathom, is thy mistress up?

*Fat. (R. c.)* She is, Master Thomas, and breakfasted.

*Tho.* She stands it well! 'Twas five, you say, when she came home; and wants it now three-quarters of an hour of ten? Wait till her stock of country health is out.

*Fat.* 'Twill come to that, Master Thomas, before she lives another month in town! three, four, five, six o'clock are now the hours she keeps. 'Twas otherwise with her in the country. There, my mistress used to rise what time she now lies down.

*Tho.* Why, yes; she's changed since she came hither.

*Fat.* Changed, do you say, Master Thomas? Changed forsooth! I know not the thing in which she is not changed, saving that she is still a woman. I tell thee there is no keeping pace with her moods. In the country she had none of them. When I brought what she asked for, it was "Thank you, Fathom," and no more to do; but now, nothing contents her. Hark ye! were you a gentleman, Master Thomas,—for then you know you would be a different kind of man,—how many times would you have your coat altered?

*Tho.* Why, Master Fathom, as many times as it would take to make it fit me.

*Fat.* Good! But supposing it fitted thee at the first?

*Tho.* Then would I have it altered not at all.

*Fat.* Good! Thou wouldst be a reasonable gentleman. Thou wouldst have a conscience. Now hark to a tale about my lady's last gown. How many times, think you, took I it back to the sempstress?

*Fat.* Thrice, may be.

*Tho.* Thrice, may be! Twenty times, may be; and not a turn too many for the truth on't. Twenty times on the oath of the sempstress. Now mark me—can you count?

*Tho.* After a fashion.

*Fat.* You have much to be thankful for, Master Thomas; you London serving men have a world of things, which we in the country never dream



of. Now mark:—four times took I it back for the flounce; twice for the sleeves; three for the tucker. How many times in all is that?

Tho. Eight times to a fraction, Master Fathom.

Fat. What a master of figures you are! Eight times—now recollect that! And then found she fault with the trimmings. Now tell me, how many times took I back the gown for the trimmings?

Tho. Eight times more, perhaps!

Fat. Ten times to a certainty. How many times makes that?

Tho. Eighteen, Master Fathom, by the rule of addition.

Fat. And how many times more will make twenty?

Tho. Twice, by the same rule.

Fat. Thou hast worked with thy pencil and slate, Master Thomas! Well, ten times, as I said, took I back the gown for the trimmings; and was she content after all? I warrant you no, or my ears did not pay for it. She wished, she said, that the slattern sempstress had not touched the gown, for nought had she done, but botched it. Now, what think you had the sempstress done to the gown?

Tho. To surmise that, I must be learned in the sempstress's art.

Fat. The sempstress's art! Thou hast hit it! Oh, the sweet sempstress! The excellent sempstress! Mistress of her scissors and needles, which are pointless and edgeless to her art! The sempstress had done nothing to the gown, yet raves and storms my mistress at her for having botched it in the making and mending; and orders her straight to make another one, which home the sempstress brings on Tuesday last.

Tho. And found thy fair mistress as many faults with that?

Fat. Not one! She finds it a very pattern of a gown! A well sitting flounce! The sleeves a fit—the tucker a fit—the trimmings her fancy to a T! (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! and she praised the sempstress—ha, ha, ha! and she smiles at me, and I smile—ha, ha, ha! and the sempstress smiles—ha, ha, ha! Now, why did the sempstress smile?

Tho. That she had succeeded so well in her art.

Fat. Thou hast hit it again. The jade must have been born a sempstress. If I ever marry she shall work for my wife. The gown was the same gown, and there was my mistress's twentieth mood.

Tho. What think you will Master Walter say when he comes back? I fear he'll hardly know his country maid again. Has she yet fixed her wedding day?

Fat. She has, Master Thomas. I coaxed it from her maid. She marries, Monday week.

Tho. Comes not Master Walter back to-day?

Fat. Your master expects him. (*A ringing heard without, L.*) Perhaps that's he. I prithee go and open the door; do, Master Thomas, do; for proves it my master, he'll surely question me.

Tho. And what should I do?

Fat. Answer him, Master Thomas, and make him none the wiser. He'll go mad, when he learns how my lady flaunts it! Go! open the door, I prithee. Fifty things, Master Thomas, know you, for one thing that I know; you can

turn and twist a matter into any kind of matter, and then twist and turn it back again, if needs be; so much you servants of the town beat us of the country, Master Thomas. Open the door, now do, Master Thomas, do!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A garden—an arbour, R. U. E., another L. U. E.*

Enter MASTER HEARTWELL, R. S. E., and MASTER WALTER, L. U. E., meeting.

Hea. Good Master Walter, welcome back again!

Wal. I'm glad to see you, Master Heartwell.

Hea. How,

I pray you, sped the weighty business which So sudden called you hence?

Wal. Weighty, indeed!

What thou wouldest ne'er expect—wilt scarce believe!

Long hidden wrong wondrously come to light, And great right done! But more of this anon. Now of my ward discourse! Likes she the town?

How does she? Is she well? Canst match me her,

Amongst your city maids?

Hea. Nor court ones neither!

She far outstrips them all!

Wal. I knew she would.

What else could follow in a maid so bred?

A pure mind, Master Heartwell!—not a taint From intercourse with the distemper'd town; With which all contact was wall'd out; until, Matured in soundness, I could trust her to it, And sleep amidst infection.

Hea. Master Walter!

Wal. Well?

Hea. Tell me, prithee, which is likelier To plough a sea in safety?—he that's wont To sail in it,—or he that by the chart

Is master of its soundings, bearings,—knows Its headlands, havens, currents—where 'tis bold, And where behoves to keep a good look-out. The one will swim where sinks the other one!

Wal. The drift of this?

Hea. Do you not guess it?

Wal. Humph!

Hea. If you would train a maid to live in town, Breed her not in the country!

Wal. Say you so?

And stands she not the test?

Hea. As snow stands fire!

Your country maid has melted all away, And plays the city lady to the height:— Her mornings give to mercers, milliners, Shoemakers, jewellers, and haberdashers; Her noons, to calls; her afternoons, to dressing; Evening, to plays and drums; and nights, to routs,

Balls, masquerades! Sleep only ends the riot, Which waking still begins!

Wal. I'm all amaze!

How bears Sir Thomas this?

Hea. Why, patiently:

Though one can see with pain.

Wal. She loves him? Ha!

That shrug is doubt! She'd ne'er consent to wed him

Unless she loved him!—never! Her young fancy

The pleasures of the town—new things—have caught.

Anon their hold will slacken; she'll become  
Her former self again; to its old train  
Of sober feelings will her heart return;  
And then she'll give it wholly to the man  
Her virgin wishes choose!

*Helen.* [Looking off, R.] Here comes Sir Thomas,  
And with him Master Modus.

*Wal.* Let them pass:

I would not see him till I speak with her.

(*They retire into the Harbour, L. U. E.*)

Enter CLIFFORD and MODUS, R.

*Cli.* A dreadful question is it, when we love,  
To ask if love's returned! I did believe  
Fair Julia's heart was mine—I doubt it now.  
But once last night she danced with me, her hand  
To this gallant and that engaged, as soon  
As asked for! Maid that loved would scarce do  
this?

Nor visit we together as we used.

When first she came to town. She loves me less  
Than once she did—or loves me not at all.

*Modus.* I'm little skilled, Sir Thomas, in the  
world:

What mean you now to do?

*Cli.* Remonstrate with her;  
Come to an understanding, and, at once,  
If she repents her promise to be mine,  
Absolve her from it—and say farewell to her.

*Modus.* Lo, then, your opportunity—she  
comes—

My cousin also;—her will I engage,  
Whilst you converse together.

*Cli.* Nay, not yet!

My heart turns coward at the sight of her.

Stay till it finds new courage! Let them pass.

(*Clifford and Modus retire into the  
harbour, R. U. E.*)

Enter JULIA and HELEN, L. S. E.

*Helen.* So, Monday week will say good morn to  
thee

A maid, and bid good night a sober wife?

*Julia.* That Monday week will never come,  
That brags to make a sober wife of me!

*Helen.* How changed you are, my Julia!

*Julia.* Change makes change.

*Helen.* Why wedd'st thou then?

*Julia.* Because I promised him.

*Helen.* Thou lov'st him?

*Julia.* Do I?

*Helen.* He's a man to love:

A right well-favour'd man!

*Julia.* Your point's well-favour'd,

Where did you purchase it? In Gracechurch  
Street?

*Helen.* Pshaw! never mind my point, but talk  
of him.

*Julia.* I'd rather talk with thee about the lace.  
Where bought you it? In Gracechurch Street,  
Cheapside.

Whitechapel, Little Britain? Can't you say  
Where 'twas you bought the lace?

*Helen.*—In Cheapside, then.

And now then to Sir Thomas! He is just

The height I like a man.

*Julia.* Thy feather's just

The height I like a feather! Mine's too short!

What shall I give thee in exchange for it?

*Helen.* What shall I give thee for a minute's  
talk

About Sir Thomas?

(*Clifford and Modus appear at the  
entrance of the harbour.*)

*Julia.* Why, thy feather.

*Helen.* Take it!

*Cli.* (*Apart to Modus.*) What, likes she not to  
speak of me!

*Helen.* And now

Let's talk about Sir Thomas—much I'm sure  
He loves you.

*Julia.* Much I'm sure he has a right!  
Those know I who would give their eyes to be  
Sir Thomas, for my sake!

*Helen.* Such, too, know I.  
But 'mong them none that can compare with  
him,

Not one so graceful.

*Julia.* What a graceful set  
Your feather has!

*Helen.* Nay, give it back to me,  
Unless you pay me for't.

*Julia.* What was't to get?

*Helen.* A minute's talk with thee about Sir  
Thomas.

*Julia.* Talk of his title, and his fortune then.

*Cli.* (*Aside.*) Indeed! I would not listen, yet  
I must!

*Julia.* An ample fortune, Helen—I shall be  
A happy wife! What routs, what balls, what  
masques,

What gala days!

*Cli.* (*Aside.*) For these she marries me!  
She'll talk of these!

*Julia.* Think not, when I am wed,  
I'll keep the house as owlet does her tower,  
Alone,—when every other bird's on wing.  
I'll use my palfrey, Helen; and my coach;  
My barge too for excursion on the Thames;  
What drives to Barnet, Hackney, Islington!  
What rides to Epping, Hounslow, and Black-  
heath!

What sails to Greenwich, Woolwich, Fulham,  
Kew!

I'll set a pattern to your lady wives!

*Cli.* (*Aside.*) Ay, lady? Trust me, not at my  
expense.

*Julia.* And what a wardrobe! I'll have change  
of suits

For every day in the year! and sets for days!  
My morning dress, my noon dress, dinner dress,  
And evening dress! then will I show you lace  
A foot deep, can I purchase it; if not,  
I'll speedily bespeak it. Diamonds too!  
Not buckles, rings, and ear-rings only,—but  
Whole necklaces and stomachers of gems!  
I'll shine! be sure I will.

*Cli.* (*Aside.*) Then shine away;  
Who covets thee may wear thee; I'm not he!

*Julia.* And then my title! Soon as I put on  
The ring, I'm Lady Clifford. So I take  
Precedence of plain mistress, were she e'en  
The richest heiress in the land! At town  
Or country ball, you'll see me take the lead,  
While wives that carry on their backs the wealth  
To dower a princess, shall give place to me;—  
Will I not profit, think you, by my right?  
Be sure I will! marriage shall prove to me  
A never-ending pageant. Every day  
Shall show how I am spoused! I will be known  
For Lady Clifford all the city through,



And fifty miles the country round about.  
 Wife of Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet,—  
 Not perishable knight! who, when he makes  
 A lady of me, doubtless must expect  
 To see me play the part of one.

*Cl.* (Coming forward, &c.) Most true.  
 But not the part which you design to play.

*Julia.* (c.) A list'ner, sir!

*Cl.* By chance, but not intent.  
 Your speech was forced upon mine ear, that  
 ne'er  
 More thankless duty to my heart discharged!  
 Would for that heart it ne'er had known the  
 sense

Which tells it 'tis a bankrupt there, where most  
 It coveted to be rich, and thought it was so!  
 O Julia! is it you? Could I have set  
 A coronet upon that stately brow,  
 Where partial nature hath already bound  
 A brighter circlet—radiant beauty's own—  
 I had been proud to see thee proud of it,  
 So for the donor thou hadst ta'en the gift,  
 Not for the gift ta'en him. Could I have pour'd  
 The wealth of richest Croesus in thy lap,  
 I had been blest to see thee scatter it,  
 So I was still thy riches paramount!

*Julia.* Know you me, sir?

*Cl.* I do! On Monday week  
 We were to wed, and are so you're content  
 The day that weds, wives you to be widowed.  
 Take

The privilege of my wife; be Lady Clifford!  
 Outshine the title in the wearing on't!  
 My coffers, lands, are all at thy command;  
 Wear all! but, for myself, she wears not me;  
 Although the coveted of every eye,  
 Who would not wear me for myself alone.

*Julia.* And do you carry it so proudly, sir?

*Cl.* Proudly, but still more sorrowfully, lady!  
 I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week.  
 Till then farewell! and then,—farewell for ever!  
 O Julia, I have ventured for thy love,  
 As the bold merchant, who, for only hope  
 Of some rich gain, all former gains will risk.  
 Before I asked a portion of thy heart,  
 I peril'd all my own; and now, all's lost! [Exit R.

*Julia.* Helen!

*Helen.* What ails you, sweet?

*Julia.* I cannot speak—quick, loose my girdle,  
 oh!

(*She faints—Master Walter and  
 Master Heartwell come forward,  
 L. c.*)

*Wal.* (R. c.) Good Master Heartwell, help to  
 take her in.

Whilst I make after him! and look to her!  
 Unlucky chance that took me out of town.

[*Exeunt, Walter R., Helen, Julia,  
 and Heartwell, L.*]

### SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter CLIFFORD, R., and STEPHEN, L., meeting.

*St.* (L.) Letters, Sir Thomas.

*Cl.* (R.) Take them home again,  
 I shall not read them now.

*St.* Your pardon, sir,

But here is one directed strangely.

*Cl.* How?

*St.* (Reading.) To Master Clifford, gentleman;  
 new styled.

*Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet.*

*Cl.* Indeed!

Whence comes that letter?

*St.* From abroad.

*Cl.* Which is it?

*St.* So please you this, Sir Thomas.

*Cl.* Give it me

(*Reads.*)

*St.* (*Aside.*) That letter brings not news to  
 wish him joy upon. If he was disturbed before,  
 which I guessed by his looks he was, he is not  
 more at ease now. His hand to his head! A  
 most unwelcome letter! If it brings him news of  
 disaster, fortune does not give him his deserts;  
 for never waited servant upon a kinder master.

*Cl.* Stephen!

*St.* Sir Thomas!

*Cl.* From my door remove

The plate that bears my name.

*St.* The plate, Sir Thomas?

*Cl.* The plate—collect my servants and in-  
 struct them

To make out each their claims unto the end  
 Of their respective terms, and give them in  
 To my steward. Him and them apprise, good  
 fellow,

That I keep house no more. As you go home  
 Call at my coachmaker's, and bid him stop  
 The carriage I bespoke. The one I have  
 Send with my horses to the mart whereat  
 Such things are sold by auction. They're for  
 sale—

Pack up my wardrobe—have my trunks con-  
 vey'd

To the inn in the next street—and when that's  
 done,

Go round my tradesmen and collect their bills.

And bring them to me, at the inn.

(*Crosses to L.*)

*St.* (R.) The inn?

*Cl.* Yes; I go home no more. Why, what's  
 the matter?

What has fallen out to make your eyes fill up?

You'll get another place. I'll certify

You're honest and industrious, and all

That a servant ought to be.

*St.* I see, Sir Thomas,

Some great misfortune has befallen you?

*Cl.* No!

I have health; I have strength! my reason,  
 Stephen, and

A heart that's clear in truth, with trust in God.

No great disaster can befall the man

Who's still possessed of these? Good fellow, leave  
 me.

What you would learn, and have a right to know,  
 I would not tell you now. Good Stephen, hence!

Mischance has fallen on me—but what of that?

Mischance has fallen on many a better man.

I prithee leave me. I grow sadder while

I see the eye with which you view my grief.

'Sdeath they will out! I would have been a  
 man,

Had you been less a kind and gentle one.

Now, as you love me, leave me.

*St.* Never master

So well deserved the love of him that served him.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Cl.* Misfortune liketh company: it seldom

Visits its friends alone. (*Looking off, L.*) Ha,

Master Walter,

And ruffled too! I'm in no mood for him.

Enter MASTER WALTER, L.

Wtl. So, Sir—Sir Thomas Clifford!—what with speed

And choler—I do gasp for want of breath!

Cti. Well, Master Walter?

Wal. You're a rash young man, sir!

Strong-headed, and wrong-headed—and I fear,

Not over delicate in that fine sense  
Which men of honour pride themselves upon!

Cti. Well, Master Walter?

Wal. A young woman's heart, sir,

Is not a stone to carve a posy on!

Which knows not what is writ on't—which you  
may buy,

Exchange or sell, sir,—keep or give away, sir:

It is a richer—yet a poorer thing!

Priceless to him that owns and prizes it:

Worthless, when own'd, not prized: which makes  
the man

That covets it, obtains it, and discards it,—

A fool, if not a villain, sir!

Cti. Well, sir!

Wal. You never loved my ward, sir.

Cti. The bright Heavens

Bear witness that I did!

Wal. The bright Heavens, sir,

Bear not false witness. That you loved her not,  
Is clear,—for had you loved her, you'd have  
pluck'd

Your heart from out your breast, ere cast her from  
your heart!

Old as I am, I know what passion is.

It is the summer's heat, sir, which in vain

We look for frost in. Ice, like yours, sir, knows

But little of such heat! We are wrong'd, sir;  
wrong'd!

You wear a sword, and so do I.

Cti. Well, sir!

Wal. You know the use, sir, of a sword?

Cti. I do.

To whip a knave, sir, or an honest man!

A wise man or a fool—atone for wrong,

Or double the amount on't! Master Walter,

Touching your ward, if wrong is done, I think

On my side lies the grievance. I would not say  
so

Did I not think so. As for love—look, sir,

That hand's a widower's, to its first mate sworn

To clasp no second one. As for amends, sir,

You're free to get them from a man in whom

You've been forestall'd by fortune, for the spite

Which she has vented on him, if you still

Esteem him worth your anger. (Giving him a  
letter.)

Please you read

That letter. Now, sir, judge if life is dear,

To one so much the loser.

Wal. What, all gone!

Thy cousin living they reported dead!

Cti. Title and land, sir, unto which add love;

All gone, save life and honour, which ere I'll  
lose

I'll let the other go.

Wal. We're public here,

And may be interrupted. Let us seek

Some spot of privacy. Your letter, sir? (Gives  
it back.)

Though fortune slights you, I'll not slight you!  
not

Your title or the lack of it I heed.

Whether upon the score of love or hate  
With you and you alone I settle, sir.

We've gone too far. 'Twere folly now to part  
Without a reckoning.

Cti. Just as you please.

Wal. You've done

A noble lady wrong.

Cti. That lady, sir,

Has done me wrong.

Wal. Go to! Thou art a boy

Fit to be trusted with a plaything, not

A woman's heart. Thou know'st not what it is!

Which I will prove to thee, soon as we find

Convenient place. Come on, sir! you shall get

A lesson that shall serve you for the rest

Of your life. I'll make you own her, sir, a piece

Of Nature's handiwork, as costly, free

From bias, flaw, and fair as ever yet

Her cunning hand turn'd out. Come on, sir!  
come!

[Exeunt, L.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Drawing Room.

Enter LORD TINSEL and the EARL OF ROCHE-  
DALE, R.

Tin. Refuse a lord! A saucy lady this.

I scarce can credit it.

Roc. She'll change her mind.

My agent, Master Walter, is her guardian.

Tin. How can you keep that Hunchback in his  
office?

He mocks you.

Roc. He is useful. Never heed him.

My offer now do I present through him.

He has the title-deeds of my estates,

She'll listen to their wooing. I must have her.

Not that I love her, but all allow

She's fairest of the fair.

Tin. Distinguish'd well:

'Twere most unseemly for a lord to love!—

Leave that to commoners. 'Tis vulgar—she's

Betroth'd, you tell me, to Sir Thomas Clifford.

Roc. Yes.

Tin. That a commoner should thwart a lord!

Yet not a commoner. A Baronet

Is fish and flesh. Nine parts plebeian, and

Patrician in the tenth. Sir Thomas Clifford!

A man, they say, of brains. I abhor brains

As I do tools. They're things mechanical.

So far are we above our forefathers:—

They to their brains did owe their titles, as

Do lawyers, doctors. We to nothing owe them,  
Which makes us far the nobler.

Roc. Is it so?

Tin. Believe me. You shall profit by my train-  
ing;

You grow a lord apace. I saw you meet

A bevy of your former friends, who fain

Had shaken hands with you. You gave them  
fingers!

You're now another man. Your house 'is  
changed,—

Your table changed—your retinue—your horse—

Where once you rode a hack, you now back  
blood;—

Befits it then you also change your friends!



Enter WILLIAMS, L.

Wil. A gentleman would see your lordship.

Tin. (C.) Sir!

What's that?

Wil. A gentleman would see his lordship.

Tin. How know you, sir, his lordship is at home?

Is he at home because he goes not out?  
He's not at home, though there you see him, sir,  
Unless he certifies that he's at home!  
Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then  
Your lord will know if he's at home or not.

[Exit Williams, L.]

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,  
Who never taught him better breeding  
Than to speak the vulgar truth!

Re-enter WILLIAMS, L.

Well, sir!

Wil. His name,  
So please your lordship, Markham.

Tin. Do you know  
The thing?

Roc. Right well! I faith a hearty fellow,  
Son to a worthy tradesman, who would do  
Great things with little means; so enter'd him  
In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,  
Nought smacking of his stock!

Tin. You've said enough!  
His lordship's not at home. (Exit Williams, L.)  
We do not go

By hearts, but orders! Had he family—  
Blood—though it only were a drop—his heart  
Would pass for something; lacking such desert,  
Were it ten times the heart it is, 'tis nought!

Re-enter WILLIAMS, L.

Wil. One Master Jones has asked to see your  
lordship.

Tin. And what was your reply to Master  
Jones?

Wil. I knew not if his lordship was at home.

Tin. You'll do. (To Rochdale.) Who's Master  
Jones?

Roc. A curate's son.

Tin. A curate's? Better be a yeoman's son!  
Was it the rector's son, he might be known,  
Because the rector is a rising man,  
And may become a bishop. He goes light.  
The curate ever hath a loaded back,  
He may be call'd the yeoman of the church  
That sweating does his work, and drudges on  
While lives the hopeful rector at his ease.  
How made you his acquaintance, pray?

Roc. We read  
Latin and Greek together.

Tin. Dropping them—

As, now that you're a lord, of course you've  
done—

Drop him.—You'll say his lordship's not at  
home.

Wil. So please your lordship, I forgot to say,  
One Richard Cricket likewise is below.

Tin. Who? Richard Cricket! You must see  
him, Rochdale!

A noble little fellow! A great man, sir!  
Not knowing whom, you would be nobody!

I won five thousand pounds by him!

Roc. Who is he?

I never heard of him.

Tin. What! never heard

Of Richard Cricket! never heard of him!  
Whv, he's the jockey of Newmarket; you  
May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.  
I bade him call upon you. You must see him.  
His lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.

Roc. Bid him wait in the ante-room.

[Exit Williams, L.]

Tin. The ante-room!  
The best room in your house! You do not know  
The use of Richard Cricket! Show him, sir,  
Into the drawing-room. Your lordship needs  
Must keep a racing stud, and you'll do well  
To make a friend of Richard Cricket.

Re-enter WILLIAMS, with a petition, L.

Well, sir,

What's that?

Wil. So please your lordship, a petition.

Tin. Hadst got a service 'mongst the Hotten-  
tots  
Ere thou cam'st hither, friend? Present thy  
lord

With a petition! At mechanics' doors,  
At tradesmen's, shopkeepers', and merchants'  
only,

Have such things leave to knock! Make thy  
lord's gate  
A wicket to a workhouse! Let us see it—  
Subscriptions to a book of poetry!

Cornelius Tense A. M.

Which means he construes Greek and Latin,  
works

Problems in mathematics, can chop logic,  
And is a conjuror in philosophy,  
Both natural and moral.—Pshaw! a man  
Whom nobody, that is anybody, knows.

Who, think you, follows him? Why an M. D.,  
An F.R.S., an F.A.S., and then

A D.D., Doctor of Divinity,  
Ushering in an LL.D., which means  
Doctor of Laws—their harmony, no doubt,  
The difference of their trades! There's nothing  
here

But languages, and sciences, and arts,  
Not an iota of nobility.

We cannot give our names. Take back the  
paper,

And tell the bearer there's no answer for him:—  
That is the lordly way of saying "No."  
But, talking of subscriptions, here is one  
To which your lordship may affix your name.

Roc. Pray, who's the object?

Tin. A most worthy man!

A man of singular deserts; a man  
In serving whom your lordship will serve me,—  
Signor Cantata.

Roc. He's a friend of yours?

Tin. O, no, I know him not. I've not that  
pleasure.

But Lady Dangle knows him; she's his friend.  
He will oblige us with a set of concerts,  
Six concerts to the set.—The set three guineas.  
Your lordship will subscribe?

Roc. O, by all means.

Tin. How many sets of tickets? Two at  
least.

You'll like to take a friend? I'll set you down  
Six guineas to Signor Cantata's concerts.  
And now, my lord, we'll to him,—then we'll  
walk.

Roc. Nay, I would wait the lady's answer.



Tin. Wait! take an excursion to the country;  
let

Her answer wait for you.

Roc. Indeed!

Tin. Indeed!

Befits a lord nought like indifference.  
Say an estate should fall to you, you'd take it,  
As it concerned more a stander by  
Than you. As you're a lord, be sure you ever  
Of that make little, other men make much of;  
Nor do the thing they do, but the right contrary.  
Where the distinction else 'twixt them and you?

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Master Heartwell's House.*

MASTER WALTER discovered looking through  
title-deeds and papers.

Wal. (R. c.) So falls out everything as I would  
have it.

Exact in place and time. This lord's advances  
Receives she,—as, I augur, in the spleen  
Of wounded pride she will,—my course is clear,  
She comes—all's well—the tempest rages still.

Enter JULIA, L.—*She paces the room in a state of  
high excitement.*

Julia. What have my eyes to do with water?  
Fire becomes them better!

Wal. True.

Julia. Yet, must I weep  
To be so monitor'd, and by a man!  
A man that was my slave! whom I have seen  
Kneel at my feet from morn till noon, content  
With leave to only gaze upon my face,  
And tell me what he read there,—till the page  
I knew by heart, I 'gan to doubt I knew,  
Emblazon'd by the comment of his tongue!  
And he to lesson me! Let him come here  
On Monday week! He ne'er leads me to church!  
I would not profit by his rank, or wealth,  
Though kings might call him cousin, for their  
sake!

I'll show him I have pride!

Wal. You're very right!

Julia. He would have had to-day our wedding  
day!

I fix'd a month from this. He pray'd and pray'd;  
I dropp'd a week. He pray'd and pray'd the  
more!

I dropp'd a second one. Still more he pray'd!

And I took off another week,—and now

I have his leave to wed, or not to wed!

He'll see that I have pride!

Wal. And so he ought.

Julia. O! for some way to bring him to my  
foot!

But he should lie there! Why, 'twill go abroad  
That he cast me off. That there should live  
The man could say so! Or that I should live  
To be the leavings of a man!

Wal. Thy case

I own a hard one.

Julia. Hard! 'Twill drive me mad!  
His wealth and title! I refused a lord—

I did! that privily implored my hand,  
And never cared to tell him on't! So much  
I hate him now, that lord should not in vain  
Implore my hand again!

Wal. You'd give it him?

Julia. I would.

Wal. You'd wed that my lord?

Julia. That lord I'd wed;—

Or any other lord,—only to show him  
That I could wed above him!

Wal. Give me your hand

And word to that.

Julia. There! Take my hand and word!

Wal. That lord hath offered you his hand again.

Julia. He has?

Wal. Your father knows it: he approves of him.  
There are the title-deeds of the estates,  
Sent for my jealous scrutiny. All sound,—  
No flaw, or speck, that e'en the lynx-eyed law  
Itself could find. A lord of many lands!  
In Berkshire half a county; and the same  
In Wiltshire, and in Lancashire! Across  
The Irish Sea a principality!

And not a rood with bond or lien on it!  
Wilt give that lord a wife! Wilt make thyself  
A countess? Here's the proffer of his hand.

Write thou content, and wear a coronet!

Julia. (R. c.) (Eagerly.) Give me the paper.

Wal. (L.) There! Here's pen and ink.

Sit down. Why do you pause? A flourish of

The pen, and you're a countess.

Julia. My poor brain

Whirls round and round! I would not wed him  
now,

Were he more lowly at my feet to sue  
Than e'er he did.

Wal. Wed whom?

Julia. Sir Thomas Clifford.

Wal. You're right.

Julia. His wealth and rank are roots to doubt;  
And while they lasted, still the weed would  
grow,

Howe'er you plucked it. No! That's o'er—  
That's done.

Was never lady wronged so foul as I!

(Weeps.)

Wal. Thou'rt to be pitied.

Julia. (Aroused.) Pitied! Not so bad  
As that.

Wal. Indeed thou art, to love the man  
That spurns thee.

Julia. Love him! Love! If hate could find  
A word more harsh than its own name, I'd take  
it,

To speak the love I bear him.

(Weeps.)

Wal. Write thy own name,  
And show him how near akin thy hate's to hate.

Julia. (Writes.) 'Tis done!

Wal. 'Tis well! I'll come to you anon!

[*Exit, L.*]

Julia. I'm glad 'tis done! I'm very glad 'tis  
done!

I've done the thing I ought. From my disgrace  
This lord shall lift me 'bove the reach of scorn—  
That idly wags his tongue, where wealth and  
state

Need only beckon to have crowds to laud!

Then how the tables change! The hand he  
spurn'd

His betters take! Let me remember that!

I'll grace my rank! I will! I'll carry it

As I was born to it! I warrant none

Shall say it fits me not:—but, one and all,

Confess I wear it bravely, as I ought!

And he shall hear it! ay! and he shall see it!

I will roll by him in an equipage

Would mortgage his estate—but he shall own

His slight of me was my advancement! Love me!

He never lov'd me! if he had, he ne'er  
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's web  
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break  
By only blowing on't! He never loved me!  
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,  
He has not been o'er chary of his peace!  
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife,  
Lost!—lost to him for ever! Tears again!  
Why should I weep for him? Who makes their  
woes

Deserve them! what have I to do with tears?

*Enter HELEN, L.*

*Helen.* News, Julia, news!

*Julia.* What! 't's about Sir Thomas?

*Helen.* Sir Thomas, say you? He's no more  
Sir Thomas!

That cousin lives, as heir to whom, his wealth  
And title came to him.

*Julia.* Was he not dead?

*Helen.* No more than I am dead.

*Julia.* I would 'twere not so.

*Helen.* What say you, Julia?

*Julia.* Nothing!

*Helen.* I could kiss—

That cousin! couldn't you, Julia?

*Julia.* Wherefore?

*Helen.* Why

For coming back to life again, as 'twere  
Upon his cousin to revenge you.

*Julia.* Helen!

*Helen.* Indeed, 'tis true. With what a sorry  
grace

The gentleman will bear himself without  
His title! Master Clifford! Have you not  
Some token to return him? Some love-letter?  
Some brooch? Some pin? Some anything? I'll  
be

Your messenger, for nothing but the pleasure  
Of calling him plain "Master Clifford."

*Helen.* Helen!

*Julia.* Or has he aught of thine? Write to  
him, Julia,

Demanding it! Do, Julia, if you love me;  
And I'll direct it in a schoolboy's hand,  
As round as I can write, "To Master Clifford."

*Julia.* Helen!

*Helen.* I'll think of fifty thousand ways  
To mortify him! I've a twentieth cousin,  
A care-for-nought at mischief. Him I'll set,  
With twenty other madeaps like himself,  
To walk the streets the traitor most frequents,  
And give him salutation as he passes—

"How do you, Master Clifford?"

*Julia.* (Highly incensed.) Helen!

*Helen.* Bless me!

*Julia.* I hate you, Helen!

*Enter MODUS, L.*

*Modus.* Joy for you, fair lady!

Our baronet is now plain gentleman,  
And hardly that, not master of the means  
To bear himself as such! The kinsman lives  
Whose only rumour'd death gave wealth to him,  
And title. A hard creditor he proves,  
Who keeps strict reckoning—will have interest,  
As well as principal. A ruin'd man  
Is now Sir Thomas Clifford.

*Helen.* (c.) I'm glad on't.

*Modus.* And so am I. A scurvy trick it was

He served you, madam. Use a lady so!

I merely bore with him. I never liked him.

*Helen.* No more did I. No, never could I think  
He look'd his title.

*Modus.* No, nor acted it.

If rightly they report, he ne'er disbursed  
To entertain his friends, 'tis broadly said,  
A hundred pounds in the year. He was most  
poor

In the appointments of a man of rank,  
Possessing wealth like his. His horses, hacks!  
His gentleman, a footman! and his footman,  
A groom! The sports that men of quality  
And spirit countenance, he kept aloof from,  
From scruple of economy, not taste,—  
As racing and the like. In brief, he lack'd  
Those shining points that, more than name, de-  
note

High breeding: and, moreover, was a man  
Of very shallow learning.

*Julia.* Silence, sir!

For shame!

*Helen.* Why Julia!

*Julia.* Speak not to me! Poor!

Most poor! I tell you, sir, he was the making  
Of fifty gentlemen—each one of whom  
Was more than peer for thee! His title, sir,  
Lent him no grace he did not pay it back!  
Though it had been the highest of the high  
He would have look't it, felt it, acted it,  
As thou could'st ne'er have done! When found  
you out

You liked him not? It was not ere to-day!  
Or that base spirit I must reckon your's —  
Which smiles where it would scowl—can stoop to  
hate

And fear to show it! He was your better, sir,  
And is!—Ay, is! though stripped of rank and  
wealth,

His nature's 'bove or fortune's love or spite,  
To blazon it or to blur it! (*Retires, R.*)

*Modus.* (To Helen.) I was told

Much to disparage him—I know not wherefore.

*Helen.* And so was I, and know as much the  
cause.

*Re-enter MASTER WALTER, with parchments, L.*

*Wal.* Joy, my Julia!

Impatient love has foresight! Lo you here  
The marriage deeds fill'd up, except a blank  
To write your jointure. What you will, my girl!  
Is this a lover? Look! Three thousand pounds  
Per annum for your private charges! Ha!  
There's pin money! Is this a lover? Mark  
What acres, forests, tenements, are tax'd  
For your revenue; and so set apart,  
That finger cannot touch them, save thine own.  
Is this a lover? What good fortune's thine!  
Thou dost not speak: but 'tis the way with joy!  
With richest heart, it has the poorest tongue!

*Modus.* What great good fortune's this you  
speak of, sir?

*Wal.* A coronet Master Modus! You behold  
The wife elect, sir, of no less a man  
Than the new Earl of Rochdale—heir of him  
That's recently deceased.

*Helen.* My dearest Julia!

Much joy to you!

*Modus.* All good attend you, madam!

*Wal.* This letter brings excuses from his lord-  
ship,  
Whose absence it accounts for. He repairs



To his estate in Lancashire, and thither  
We follow.

*Julia.* When, sir?

*Wal.* Now. This very hour.

*Julia.* This very hour! Oh cruel, fatal haste!

*Wal.* "Oh cruel, fatal haste!" What meanest  
thou?

Have I done wrong to do thy bidding, then?  
I have done no more. Thou wast an off-cast  
bride,

And would'st be an affianced one—then art so!  
Thou'dst have the slight that mark'd thee out  
for scorn,

Converted to a means of gracing thee—  
It is so! If our wishes come too soon,  
What can make sure of welcome? In my zeal  
To win thee thine, thou know'st, at any time,  
I'd play the steed, whose will to serve his lord,  
With his last breath gives his last bound for him!  
Since only noon have I despatch'd what well  
Had kept a brace of clerks, and more, on foot,—  
And then, perhaps, had been to do again!—  
Not finish'd, sure, complete—the compact firm,  
As fate itself had sealed it!

*Julia.* Give you thanks!

Though 'twere my death! my death!

*Wal.* Thy death! Indeed,

For happiness like this, one well might die!

Take thy lord's letter!

*Enter THOMAS, with a letter, L.*

Well?

*Tho.* This letter, sir,  
The gentleman that served Sir Thomas Clifford—  
Or him that was Sir Thomas—gave to me  
For Mistress Julia.

*Julia.* (Throwing away the one she holds.) Give it  
me!

*Wal.* (Snatching it.) For what?  
Would'st read it? He's a bankrupt! stripp'd of  
title,

House, chattels, lands and all! A naked bank-  
rupt,

With neither purse, nor trust! Would'st read  
his letter?

A beggar! Yea, a beggar! fasts, unless  
He dines on alms! How durst he send a letter!  
A fellow cut on this hand, and on that;  
Bows and is cut again, and bows again!  
Who pays you fifty smiles for half a one,—  
And that given grudgingly! To you a letter!  
I burst with choler! Thus I treat his letter!

(Tears and throws it on the ground.)  
So! I was wrong to let him ruffle me;  
He is not worth the spending anger on!  
I prithee, Master Modus, use despatch,  
And presently make ready for our ride.  
You, Helen, to my Julia look—a change  
Of dresses will suffice. She must have new ones,  
Matches for her new state! Haste, friends. My  
Julia!

Why stand you poring there upon the ground?  
Time flies. Your rise astounds you? Never  
heed—

You'll play my lady countess like a queen!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Earl of Rochdale's.

*Enter HELEN, L.*

*Helen.* I'm weary wandering from room to  
room;

A castle after all is but a house—  
The dulllest one when lacking company.  
Were I at home I could be company  
Unto myself. I see not Master Walter.  
He's ever with his ward. I see not her.  
By Master Walter will she abide, alone.  
My father stops in town. I can't see him.  
My cousin makes his books his company.  
I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up  
And plague my cousin into making love!  
For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.  
How dull he is that hath not sense to see  
What lies before him, and he'd like to find.  
I'll change my treatment of him. Cross him,  
where

Before I used to humour him. (Looking off, L.)  
He comes,

Poring upon a book.

*Enter MODUS, with a small book, L.*

What's that you read?

*Modus.* Latin, sweet cousin.

*Helen.* 'Tis a naughty tongue,  
I fear, and teaches men to lie.

*Modus.* To lie!

*Helen.* You study it. You call your cousin  
sweet,

And treat her as you would a crab. As sour  
'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her!  
Why how the monster stares, and looks about!  
You construe Latin, and can't construe that.

*Modus.* I never studied women.

*Helen.* No! nor men.

Else would you better know their ways: nor  
read

In presence of a lady.

(*Strikes the book from his hand.*)

*Modus.* Right: you say,

And well you served me, cousin, so to strike,  
The volume from my hand. I own my fault;  
So please you,—may I pick it up again?  
I'll put it in my pocket!

*Helen.* Pick it up.

(*Aside.*) He fears me as I were his grandmother.  
(*Aloud.*) What is the book?

*Modus.* 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.

*Helen.* That Ovid was a fool!

*Modus.* In what?

*Helen.* In that.

To call that thing an art, which art is none.

*Modus.* And is not love an art?

*Helen.* Are you a fool,

As well as Ovid? Love an art! No art  
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes  
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that,  
You went to college? Better stay at home,  
And study homely English.

*Modus.* Nay, you know not  
The argument.

*Helen.* I don't? I know it better  
Than ever Ovid did! The face,—the form,—  
The heart,—the mind we fancy, cousin; that's  
The argument! Why, cousin, you know nothing.

Suppose a lady were in love with thee,  
 Couldst thou by Ovid, cousin, find it out?  
 Couldst find it out, wast thou in love thyself?  
 Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love?  
 I could, that never read him. You begin  
 With melancholy; then to sadness; then  
 To sickness; then to dying—but not die!  
 She would not let thee, were she of my mind;  
 She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;  
 From hope to confidence; from confidence  
 To boldness:—then you'd speak; at first entreat;  
 Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce;

Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;  
 Threaten her lips with storming; keep thy word  
 And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid!  
 Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand  
 As you were stricken dumb? The case is clear,  
 You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle,  
 You care too much for blows!

Modus. You wrong me there.  
 At school I was the champion of my form,  
 And since I went to college—

Helen. That for college!

Modus. Nay, hear me!

Helen. Well? What, since you went to college?  
 You know what men are set down for, who boast  
 Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin.  
 What, since you went to college? Was there not  
 One Quintin Halworth there? You know there  
 was,

And that he was your master!

Modus. He my master!  
 Thrice was he worsted by me.

Helen. Still was he

Your master.

Modus. He allow'd I had the best!  
 Allow'd it, mark me! not to me alone,  
 But twenty I could name.

Helen. And master'd you  
 At last! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth.  
 A proctor's daughter you did both affect—  
 Look at me and deny it! Of the twain  
 She more affected you; I've caught you now,  
 Bold cousin! Mark you? opportunity  
 On opportunity she gave you, sir,—  
 Deny it if you can!—but though to others,  
 When you discoursed of her, you were a flame;  
 To her you were a wick that would not light,  
 Though held in the very fire! And so he won  
 her—

Won her, because he woo'd her like a man.  
 For all your cuffings, cuffing you again  
 With most usurious interest. Now, sir,  
 Protest that you are valiant!

Modus. Cousin Helen!

Helen. Well, sir?

Modus. The tale is all a forgery!

Helen. A forgery!

Modus. From first to last; ne'er spoke I  
 To a proctor's daughter while I was at college—

Helen. 'Twas a scrivener's then, or some-  
 body's.

But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved  
 her!

And, shame upon you, let another take her!

Modus. Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear  
 me.

I loved no woman while I was at college—  
 Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

Helen. Indeed! (*Aside.*) Now I'll retreat, if  
 he's advancing.

Comes he not on! O what a stock's the man?  
 (*Aloud.*) Well, cousin?

Modus. Well! What more would'st have me  
 say?

I think I've said enough.

Helen. And so think I.

I did but jest with you. You are not angry?  
 Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me  
 so?

Modus. (*Letting her go.*) I swear I squeezed you  
 not!

Helen. You did not?

Modus. No.

I'll die if I did!

Helen. Why then did you not, cousin?

So let's shake hands again. (*He takes her hand as  
 before.*) O go and now

Read Ovid! Will you tell me one thing.

Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?

Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on;—

And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!

Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the  
 ruff!

I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!

Why do you blush, dear cousin? So!—'twill  
 beat me!

I'll give it up.

Modus. Nay, prithee don't—try on!

Helen. And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

Modus. For what?

Helen. To trust my face so near to thine.

Modus. I know not what you mean.

Helen. I'm glad you don't!

Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,  
 Most marvellously well behaved! They've  
 bred

You well at college. With another man

My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

Modus. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear  
 cousin.

Helen. Dear fool! (*Throws the ruff on the  
 ground.*)

I swear the ruff is good for just

As little as it's master! There!—'Tis spoil'd—

You'll have to get another. Hie for it.

And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,

Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!

You'll need to study Ovid's Art of Love!

[*Exit, R.*]

Modus. Went she in anger? I will follow  
 her,—

No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!

O would that she loved me! Why did she taunt  
 me

With backwardness in love? What could she  
 mean?

Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me

Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,

I'll woo her then! Her lips shall be in danger,

When next she trusts them near me! Look'd  
 she at me

To-day, as never did she look before!

A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,

A faint one never won fair lady yet!

I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't! Yes:

(*Begins reading again, and throws  
 down the book.*)

Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin!

[*Exit, R.*]



SCENE II.—*The Banqueting Room in the Earl of Rochdale's Mansion—an arch, c.—table and chairs, &c.*

*Enter MASTER WALTER and JULIA, c.*

Wal. (L. c.) This is the banqueting room. Thou see'st as far

It leaves the last behind, as that excels  
The former ones. All is proportion here  
And harmony! Observe the massy pillars  
May well look proud to bear the gilded dome.  
You mark those full-length portraits? They're

the heads,  
The stately heads, of his ancestral line.  
Here o'er the feast they aptly still preside!  
Mark those medallions! Stand they forth or not  
In bold and fair relief? Is not this brave?

Julia. (Abstractedly.) It is.

Wal. It should be so. To cheer the blood  
That flows in noble veins is made the feast  
That gladdens here! You see this drapery?  
'Tis richest velvet! Fringe and tassels, gold!  
Is not this costly?

Julia. Yes.

Wal. And chaste, the while?  
Both chaste and costly?

Julia. Yes.

Wal. Come hither! There's a mirror for you.  
See!

One sheet from floor to ceiling! Look into it,  
Salute its mistress! Dost not know her?

Julia. (Sighing deeply.) Yes!

Wal. And sighest thou to know her? Wait  
until

To-morrow, when the banquet shall be spread  
In the fair hall; the guests, already bid,  
Around it; here, her lord; and there, herself;  
Presiding o'er the cheer that hails him bride-  
groom,

And her the happy bride! Dost hear me?

Julia. (Sighing still more deeply.) Yes.

Wal. These are the day rooms only we have  
seen,

For public and domestic uses kept.

I'll show you now the lodging rooms.

(Goes L.—then turns and observes  
Julia standing perfectly abstracted.)

You're tired.

Let it be till after dinner then. Yet one

I'd like thee much to see—the bridal chamber.

(Julia starts, crosses her hands upon  
her breast, and looks upwards.)

I see you're tired: yet it is worth the viewing,

If only for the tapestry which shows

The needle like the pencil glows with life;

(Brings down chairs—they sit.)

The story's of a page who loved a dame

He served—a princess!—Love's a heedless thing!

That never takes account of obstacles;

Makes plains of mountains, rivulets of seas,

That part it from its wish. So proved the page,

Who from a state so lowly looked so high,—

But love's a greater lackwit still than this.  
Say it aspires—that's gain! Love stoops—that's  
loss!

You know what comes. The princess loved the  
page.

Shall I go on, or here leave off?

Julia. Go on.

Wal. Each side of the chamber shows a different  
stage

Of this fond page, and fonder lady's love.

[\*\* In representation, the passages following,  
marked with single inverted commas, are  
omitted.

'First—no, it is not that.

'Julia. O, recollect!

'Wal. And yet it is!

'Julia. No doubt it is. What is't?

'Wal. He holds to her a salver, with a cup:

'His cheek more mantling with his passion, than

'The cup with ruby wine. She heeds him not,

'For too great heed of him:—but seems to hold

'Debate betwixt her passion and her pride,

'That's like to lose the day. You read it in

'Her vacant eye, knit brow, and parted lips,

'Which speak a heart too busy all within

'To note what's done without. Like you the  
tale?

'Julia. I list to every word.

'Wal. The next side paints

'The page upon his knee. He has told his tale;

'And found that, when he lost his heart, he  
play'd

'No losing game; but won a richer one!

'There may you read in him, how love would  
seem

'Most humble when most bold,—you question  
which

'Appears to kiss her hand—his breath, or lips!

'In her you read how wholly lost is she

'Who trusts her heart to love. Shall I give o'er?

'Julia. Nay, tell it to the end. Is't melan-  
choly?

'Wal. To answer that, would mar the story.

'Julia. Right.

'Wal. The third side now we come to.

'Julia. What shows that?

'Wal. The page and princess still. But stands  
her sire

'Between them. Stern he grasps his daughter's  
arm,

'Whose eyes like fountains play; while through  
her tears

'Her passion shines, as through the fountain  
drops,

'The sun! His minions crowd around the page!

'They drag him to a dungeon.

'Julia. Hapless youth!

'Wal. Hapless indeed, that's twice a captive!  
heart

'And body both in bonds. But that's the chain,

'Which balance cannot weigh, rule measure,  
touch

'Define the texture of, or eye detect,

'That's forged by the subtle craft of love!

'No need to tell you that he wears it. Such

'The cunning of the hand that plied the loom,

'You've but to mark the straining of his eye,

'To feel the coil yourself!

'Julia. I feel't without!

'You've finish'd with the third side; now the  
fourth!

'Wal. It brings us to a dungeon, then.

'Julia. The page,

'The thrall of love, more than the dungeon's  
thrall,

'Is there?

'Wal. He is. He lies in fetters.

'Julia. Hard!—

'Hard as the steel the hands that put them on.'

[\*\* The scene runs thus:—Master Walter con-  
tinues—

The first side shows their passion in the dawn—



In the next side 'tis shining open day—  
In the third side there's a clouding,—I but touch  
on these

To make a long tale brief, and bring thee to  
The last side.

*Julia.* What shows that?

*Wal.* The fate of love

That will not be advised.—The scene's a dungeon.  
It's tenant is a page—he lies in fetters.

*Julia.* Hard!

Hard as the steel the hands that put them on!

*Wal.* Some one unrivets them!

*Julia.* The princess? 'Tis!

*Wal.* It is another page.

*Julia.* It is herself!

*Wal.* Her skin is fair; and his is berry-brown.  
His locks are raven black; and hers are gold.

*Julia.* Love's cunning of disguises! spite of  
locks,

Skin, vesture,—it is she, and only she!

What will not constant woman do for love

That's loved with constancy! Set her the task,

Virtue approving, that will baffle her!

O'erthax her stooping, patience, courage, wit!

My life upon it, 'tis the princess' self,

Transformed into a page!

*Wal.* The dungeon door  
Stands open, and you see beyond—

*Julia.* Her father!

*Wal.* No; a steed.

*Julia.* (Starting-up.) O, welcome steed,  
My heart bounds at the thought of thee! Thou  
com'st

To bear the page from bonds to liberty.

What else?

*Wal.* (Rising.) The story's told.

*Julia.* Too briefly told;

O happy princess, that had wealth and state

To lay them down for love! Whose constant  
love

Appearances approved, not falsified!

A winner in thy loss as well as gain.

*Wal.* Weighs love so much?

*Julia.* What would you weigh 'gainst love

That's true? Tell me with what you'd turn the  
scale?

Yea, make the index waver? Wealth? A  
feather!

Rank? Tinsel against bullion in the balance!

The love of kindred? That to set 'gainst love!

Friendship comes nearest to't; but put it in.

Friendship will kick the beam!—weigh nothing  
'gainst it!

Weigh love 'gainst the world!

Yet are they happy that have naught to say to  
it.

*Wal.* And such a one art thou. Who wisely  
wed,

Wed happily. The love thou speak'st of,

A flower is only, that its season has:

Which they must look to see the withering of,

Who pleasure in its budding and its bloom!

But wisdom is the constant evergreen

Which lives the whole year through! Be that  
your flower!

Enter a SERVANT, c.

Well?

*Ser.* My lord's secretary is without.

He brings a letter for her ladyship,

And craves admittance to her.

*Wal.* Show him in.

*Julia.* No!

*Wal.* Thou must see him. To show slight to  
him,

Were slighting him that sent him. Show him  
in!

[Exit Servant, c.]

Some errand proper for thy private ear,

Besides the letter he may bring. What mean

This paleness and this trembling? Mark me,  
*Julia!*

If from these nuptials, which thyself invited—

Which, at thy seeking, came—thou would'st be  
freed,

Thou hast gone too far! 'Receding were dis-  
grace,

'Sooner than see thee suffer which, the hearts

'That love thee most, would wish thee dead!'  
Reflect!

Take thought! Collect thyself! With dignity

Receive thy bridegroom's messenger! for sure

As dawns to-morrow's sun, to-morrow night

Sees thee a wedded bride!

[Exit, L.]

*Julia.* A wedded bride!

Is't a dream? Is't a phantasm? 'Tis

Too horrible for reality! for aught else

Too palpable! O would it were a dream!

How would I bless the sun that waked me from  
it!

I perish! Like some desperate mariner

Impatient of a strange and hostile land,

Who rashly hoists his sail, and puts to sea,

And being fast on reefs and quicksands borne,

Essays in vain once more to make the land,

Whence wind and current drive him,—I'm  
wreck'd

By mine own act! What! no escape? no hope?

None! I must e'en abide these hated nuptials!

Hated!—ah! own it, and then curse thyself!

That mad'st to the bane thou loatest—for the love

'hou bear'st to one who never can be thine!

Yes—love! Deceive thyself no longer. False

To say 'tis pity for his fall,—respect,

Engender'd by a hollow world's disdain,

Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no  
more!

'Tis none of these: 'tis love—and if not love,

Why then idolatry! Ay, that's the name

To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest pas-  
sion.

That ever woman's heart was borne away by!

He comes! Thou'dst play the lady,—play it  
now!

Re-enter SERVANT, conducting CLIFFORD  
plainly attired as the Earl of Rochdale's Secre-  
tary, c.

*Ser.* His lordship's secretary.

[Exit, c.—A pause.]

*Julia.* (R. c.) Speaks he not?

Or does he wait for orders to unfold

His business? Stopp'd his business till I spoke,

I'd hold my peace for ever!

(Clifford kneels, c., and presents a letter.)

Does he kneel?

A lady am I to my heart's content:

Could he unmake me that which claims his  
knee,

I'd kneel to him,—I would! I would!—Your  
will?

*Cl.* This letter from my lord.

*Julia.* O fate! who speaks?

Cl. The secretary of my ord.

Julia. I breathe!

I could have sworn 'twas he!

(Makes an effort to look at him, but is unable.)

So like the voice—

I dare not look, lest there the form should stand!

How came he by that voice? 'Tis Clifford's voice,

If ever Clifford spoke! My fears come back— Clifford the secretary of my lord!

Fortune hath freaks, but none so mad as that!

It cannot be—it should not be!—a look,

And all were set at rest.

(Tries to look at him again, but cannot.)

So strong my fears,

Dread to confirm them takes away the power

To try and end them! Come the worst, I'll look.

(She tries again—and again is unequal to the task.)

I'd sink before him, if I met his eye!

Cl. Wilt please your ladyship to take the letter?

Julia. There Clifford speaks again! Not Clifford's heart

Could more make Clifford's voice! Not Clifford's tongue

And lips more frame it into Clifford's speech!

A question, and 'tis over! Know I you?

Cl. Reverse of fortune, lady, changes friends:

It turns them into strangers. What I am

I have not always been!

Julia. Could I not name you?

Cl. If your disdain for one, perhaps too bold

When hollow fortune called him favourite,—

Now by her fickleness perforce reduced

To take an humble tone, would suffer you—

Julia. I might?

Cl. You might!

Julia. O Clifford! is it you!

Cl. (Giving the letter.) Your answer to my lord.

Julia. (Mechanically taking it.) Your lord!

Cl. Wilt write it?

Or, will it please you send a verbal one?

I'll bear it faithfully.

Julia. You'll bear it?

Cl. Madam,

Your pardon, but my haste is somewhat urgent.

My lord's impatient, and to use despatch

Were his repeated orders.

Julia. Orders? Well,

I'll read the letter, sir. 'Tis right you mind

His lordship's orders. They are paramount!

Nothing should supersede them!—stand beside them!

They merit all your care, and have it! Fit,

Most fit they should! Give me the letter, sir.

Cl. You have it, madam.

Julia. So! (Aside.) How poor a thing

I look! so lost, while he is all himself!

Have I no pride? (She rings.)

Enter a Servant, L. C.

Paper, and pen and ink!

[Exit Servant, L. C.]

(Aside.) If he can freeze, 'tis time that I grow cold!

I'll read the letter. (Opens and holds it as about to read.

Mind his orders! So!

Quickly he fits his habits to his fortunes!

He serves my lord with all his will! His heart's In his vocation. So! Is this the letter?

'Tis upside down—and here I'm poring on't!

Most fit I let him see me play the fool!

Shame. Let me be myself!

(Re-enter Servant with materials for writing.)

A table, sir,

And chair.

(The Servant exits, and re-enters with a table and chair—then goes off, L. C.—Julia sits awhile, vacantly gazing on the letter—then looks at Clifford.)

How plainly shows his humble suit!

It fits not him that wears it! I have wronged him!

He can't be happy—does not look it! is not.

That eye which reads the ground is argument

Enough! He loves me. There I let him stand,

And I am sitting!

(Rises, takes a chair, and approaches Clifford.)

Pray you take a chair.

(He bows—as acknowledging and declining the honour—she looks at him awhile.)

Clifford, why don't you speak to me? (She weeps.)

Cl. I trust

You're happy.

Julia. Happy! Very, very happy!

You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears

Are signs, you know, of nought but happiness!

When first I saw you, little did I look

To be so happy! Clifford!

Cl. Madam?

Julia. Madam!

I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me madam!

Cl. Such the address my duty stints me to.

Thou art the wife elect of a proud Earl—

Whose humble secretary sole, am I.

Julia. Most right. I had forgot! I thank you, sir,

For so reminding me; and give you joy,

That what, I see, had been a burthen to you, Is fairly off your hands.

Cl. A burthen to me!

Mean you yourself? Are you that burthen, Julia?

Say that the sun's a burthen to the earth!

Say that the blood's a burthen to the heart!

Say health's a burthen, peace, contentment, joy,

Fame, riches, honours! Everything that man

Desires, and gives the name of blessing to!—

E'en such a burthen, Julia were to me

Had fortune let me wear her.

Julia. (Aside.) On the brink

Of what a precipice I'm standing! Back,

Back! while the faculty remains to do't!

A minute longer, not the whirlpool's self

More sure to suck thee down! One effort!

There!

(She returns to her seat, recovers her self-possession, takes up the letter, and reads it.)

To wed to-morrow night! Wed whom? A man

Whom I can never love! I should before

Have thought of that. To-morrow night! This hour

To-morrow! How I tremble! Happy bands

To which my heart such freeing welcome gives,



As sends an ague through me! At what means  
Will not the desperate snatch! What's honour's  
price?

Nor friends, nor lovers,—no, nor life itself!

Clifford! This moment leave me!

(*Clifford retires up, c., out of Julia's sight.*)

Is he gone?

O docile lover! Do his mistress' wish  
That went against his own! Do it so soon!—  
Ere well 'twas utter'd. No good-bye to her!  
No word; no look! 'Twas best that he so went!  
Alas, the strait of her, who owns that best,  
Which last she'd wish were done? What's left  
me now?

To weep! To weep!

(*Leans her head upon her arm, which rests upon the desk, her other arm hanging listlessly at her side—Clifford comes forward, looks a moment at her, and kneeling, takes her hand.*)

Cl. My Julia!

Julia. Here again!

Up! up! By all the hopes of heaven go hence!  
To stay's perdition to me! Look you, Clifford!  
Were there a grave where thou art kneeling  
now,

I'd walk into't, and be inearth'd alive,  
Ere taint should touch my name! Should some  
one come

And see thee kneeling thus! Let go my hand!

Remember, Clifford, I'm a promised bride—

And take thy arm away! It has no right

To clasp my waist! Judge you so poorly of me,  
As think I'll suffer this? My honour, sir!

(*She breaks from him, quitting her seat.*)

I'm glad you've forced me to respect myself—  
You'll find that I can do so!

Cl. I was bold—

Forgetful of your station and my own;

There was a time I held your hand unchid!

There was a time I might have clasp'd your  
waist—

I had forgot that time was past and gone!

I pray you, pardon me!

Julia. (*Softened.*) I do so, Clifford.

Cl. I shall no more offend.

Julia. Make sure of that.

No longer is it fit thou keep'st thy post

In's lordship's household. Give it up! A day—

An hour remain not in it!

Cl. Wherefore?

Julia. Live

In the same house with me, and I another's?

Put miles, put leagues between us! The same  
land

Should not contain us. Oceans should divide  
us—

With barriers of constant tempests—such

As mariners durst not tempt! Oh, Clifford!

Rash was the act so light that gave me up,

That stung a woman's pride, and drove her  
mad—

'Till in her frenzy she destroyed her peace!

Oh, it was rashly done! Had you reproved—

Expostulated,—had you reasoned with me—

Tried to find out what was indeed my heart,—

I would have shown it—you'd have seen it. All

Had been as nought can ever be again!

Cl. Lov'st thou me, Julia?

Julia. Dost thou ask me, Clifford?

Cl. These nuptials may be shunn'd—

Julia. With honour?

Cl. Yes.

Julia. Then take me! Stop—hear me, and take  
me then!

Let not thy passion be my counsellor!  
Deal with me, Clifford, as my brother. Be  
The jealous guardian of my spotless name!  
Scan thou my cause as 'twere thy sister's. Let  
Thy scrutiny o'erlook no point of it,—  
Nor turn it over once, but many a time:  
That flaw, speck,—yea—the shade of one,—a  
soil

So slight, not one out of a thousand eyes  
Could find it out,—may not escape thee; then  
Say if these nuptials can be shunned with  
honour!

Cl. They can.

Julia. Then take me, Clifford!

(*They embrace.*)

Re-enter WALTER, L.

Wal. Ha! What's this?

Ha! treason! What! my baronet that was,

My secretary now? Your servant, sir!

Is't thus you do the pleasure of your lord,—

That for your service, feeds you, clothes you, pays  
you!

Or tak'st thou but the name of his dependant?

What's here?—a letter. Fifty crowns to one

A forgery! I'm wrong. It is his hand.

This proves thee double traitor!

Cl. Traitor!

Julia. Nay,

Control thy wrath, good Master Walter! Do,—

And I'll persuade him to go hence—(*Master  
Walter retires up, c.*) I see

For me, thou bearest this, and thank thee, Clif-  
ford,

As thou hast truly shown thy heart to me,

So truly I to thee have open'd mine!

Time flies! To-morrow! If thy love can find

A way, such as thou said'st, for my enlargement,

By any means thou canst, apprise me of it,—

And soon as shown, I'll take it.

Wal. (*Up, c.*) Is he gone?

Julia. He is this moment. If thou covet'st  
me,

Win me, and wear me! May I trust thee? Oh!

If that's thy soul, that's looking through thine  
eye,

Thou lov'st me, and I may!—I sicken, lest

I never see thee more!

Cl. As life is mine,

The ring that on thy wedding finger goes

No hand but mine shall place there!

Wal. Lingers he?

Julia. For my sake, now away! And yet a  
word.

But all thy hopes most dear, be true to me!

Go now!—yet stay! Clifford, while you are  
here,

I'm like a bark distress'd and compassless,

That by a beacon steers; when you're away

That bark alone, and tossing miles at sea!

Now go! Farewell! My compass—beacon—  
land!

When shall my eyes be blessed with thee again!

Cl. Farewell!

[*Exit, c.*]

*Julia.* Art gone! All's chance—all's care—all's darkness!

[*Exit, R., led by Master Walter.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Earl of Rochdale's.*

*Enter HELEN and FATHOM, L.*

*Fat.* The long and short of it is this—if she marries this lord, she'll break her heart! I wish you could see her, madam. Poor lady!

*Helen.* How looks she, prithee?

*Fat.* Marry, for all the world like a dripping wet cambric handkerchief! She has no colour nor strength in her; and does nothing but weep—poor lady!

*Helen.* Tell me again what said she to thee?

*Fat.* She offered me all she was mistress of to take the letter to Master Clifford. She drew her purse from her pocket—the ring from her finger—she took her very earrings out of her ears—but I was forbidden, and refused. And now I'm sorry for it! Poor lady!

*Helen.* Thou should'st be sorry. Thou hast a hard heart, Fathom.

*Fat.* I, madam! My heart is as soft as a woman's. You should have seen me when I came out of her chamber—poor lady!

*Helen.* Did you cry?

*Fat.* No; but I was as near it as possible. I a hard heart! I would do anything to serve her, poor sweet lady!

*Helen.* Will you take her letter, asks she you again?

*Fat.* No—I am forbid.

*Helen.* Will you help Master Clifford to an interview with her?

*Fat.* No—Master Walter would find it out.

*Helen.* Will you contrive to get me into her chamber?

*Fat.* No—you would be sure to bring me into mischief.

*Helen.* Go to! You would do nothing to serve her. You a soft heart! You have no heart at all! You feel not for her!

*Fat.* But I tell you I do—and good right I have to feel for her. I have been in love myself.

*Helen.* With your dinner!

*Fat.* I would I had been! My pain would soon have over, and at little cost. A fortune I squandered upon her!—trinkets—trimmings—treatings—what swallowed up the revenue of a whole year! Wasn't I in love? Six months I courted her, and a dozen crowns all but one did I disburse for her in that time! Wasn't I in love? An hostler—a tapster—and a constable, courted her at the same time, and I offered to cudgel the whole three of them for her! Wasn't I in love?

*Helen.* You are a valiant man, Fathom.

*Fat.* Am not I? Walks not the earth the man I am afraid of.

*Helen.* Fear you not Master Walter?

*Fat.* No.

*Helen.* You do.

*Fat.* I don't.

*Helen.* I'll prove it to you. You see him breaking your young mistress's heart, and have not the manhood to stand by her.

*Fat.* What could I do for her?

*Helen.* Let her out of prison. It were the act of a man.

*Fat.* That man am I!

*Helen.* Well said, brave Fathom!

*Fat.* But my place!—

*Helen.* I'll provide thee with a better one.

*Fat.* 'Tis a capital place! So little to do, and so much to get for't. Six pounds in the year; two suits of livery; shoes and stockings, and a famous larder. He'd be a bold man that would put such a place in jeopardy. My place, madam, my place!

*Helen.* I tell thee I'll provide thee with a better place. Thou shalt have less to do, and more to get. Now, Fathom, hast thou courage to stand by thy mistress?

*Fat.* I have!

*Helen.* That's right.

*Fat.* I'll let my lady out.

*Enter MASTER WALTER, unperceived, L. U. E.*

*Helen.* That's right. When, Fathom?

*Fat.* To-night.

*Helen.* She is to be married to-night.

*Fat.* This evening, then. Master Walter is now in the library, the key is on the outside, and I'll lock him in.

*Helen.* Excellent! You'll do it?

*Fat.* Rely upon it. How he'll stare when he finds himself a prisoner, and my young lady at liberty.

*Helen.* Most excellent! You'll be sure to do it?

*Fat.* Depend upon me! When Fathom undertakes a thing, he defies fire and water—

*Wal.* (*Coming forward, c.*) Fathom!

*Fat.* Sir!

*Wal.* Assemble straight the servants.

*Fat.* Yes, sir!

*Wal.* Mind,

And have them in the hall when I come down.

*Fat.* Yes, sir!

*Wal.* And see you do not stir a step,

But where I order you.

*Fat.* Not an inch, sir!

*Wal.* See that you don't—away!

[*Exit Fathom, L.*]

So, my fair mistress,

What's this you have been plotting? An escape for Mistress Julia?

*Helen.* I avow it.

*Wal.* Do you?

*Helen.* Yes; and moreover to your face I tell you most hardly do you use her.

*Wal.* Verily!

*Helen.* I wonder where's her spirit! Had she mine

She would not take't so easily! Do you mean to force this marriage on her?

*Wal.* With your leave.

*Helen.* You laugh.

*Wal.* Without it, then. I don't laugh now.

*Helen.* If I were she, I'd find a way to escape.

*Wal.* What would you do?

*Helen.* I'd leap out of the window!

*Wal.* Your window should be barr'd.

*Helen.* I'd cheat you still!

I'd hang myself ere I'd be forced to marry!

*Wal.* Well said! You shall be married, then, to-night.



*Helen.* Married to-night!

*Wal.* As sure as I have said it.

*Helen.* Two words to that. Pray who's to be my bridegroom?

*Wal.* A daughter's husband is her father's choice.

*Helen.* My father's daughter ne'er shall wed such husband!

*Wal.* Indeed!

*Helen.* I'll pick a husband for myself.

*Wal.* Indeed!

*Helen.* Indeed, sir; and indeed again!

*Wal.* Go dress you for the marriage ceremony.

*Helen.* But, Master Walter, what is it you mean?

*Enter MODUS, R.*

*Wal.* Here comes your cousin; he shall be your bridesman!

The thought's a sudden one,—that will excuse Defect in your appointments. A plain dress,—So 'tis of white,—will do.

*Helen.* I'll dress in black.

I'll quit the castle.

*Wal.* That you shall not do.

Its doors are guarded by my lord's domestics, Its avenues—its grounds: what you must do, Do with a good grace. In an hour, or less, Your father will be here. Make up your mind To take with thankfulness the man he gives you. (*Aside.*) Now, if they find not out how beat their hearts,

I have no skill, not I, in feeling pulses.

[*Exit, L.*]

*Helen.* Why, cousin Modus! What! will you stand by

And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus! Have you not got a tongue. Have you not eyes? Do you not see I am very—very ill, And not a chair in all the corridor?

*Modus.* I'll find one in the study.

*Helen.* Hang the study.

*Modus.* My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.

*Helen.* You shan't!

I'd faint ere you came back!

*Modus.* What shall I do?

*Helen.* Why don't you offer to support me? Well?

Give me your arm—be quick. (*Modus offers his arm.*)

Is that the way

To help a lady when she's like to faint?

I'll drop unless you catch me! (*Modus supports her.*)

That will do;

I'm better now—(*Modus offers to leave her.*) don't leave me! Is one well

Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so, I'll soon recover so you move not. (*Aside.*) Loves he—

Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now.

Well, cousin Modus?

*Modus.* Well, sweet cousin?

*Helen.* Well?

You heard what Master Walter said?

*Modus.* I did.

*Helen.* And would you have me marry? Can't you speak?

Say yes or no.

*Modus.* No, cousin.

*Helen.* Bravely said!

And why, my gallant cousin?

*Modus.* Why?

*Helen.* Ah, why?—

Women, you know, are fond of reasons—why Would you not have me marry? How you blush!

Is it because you do not know the reason?

You mind me of a story of a cousin

Who once her cousin such a question asked:

He had not been to college, though—for books

Had pass'd his time in reading ladies' eyes,

Which he could construe marvellously well,

Though writ in language all symbolical.

Thus stood they once together, on a day—

As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse,—

But with this difference,—fifty gentle words

He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him!—

What a dear cousin! well, as I did say,

As now I questioned thee, she questioned him.

And what was his reply? To think of it

Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one!

So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin!

A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin!

What did he say? A man might find it out,

Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.

What did he say? He'd marry her himself!

How stupid are you, cousin! Let me go!

*Modus.* You are not well yet?

*Helen.* Yes.

*Modus.* I'm sure you're not?

*Helen.* I'm sure I am.

*Modus.* Nay, let me hold you, cousin!

I like it.

*Helen.* Do you? I would wager you

You could not tell me why you like it. Well?

You see how true I know you! How you stare!

What see you in my face to wonder at?

*Modus.* A pair of eyes!

*Helen.* (*Aside.*) At last he finds his tongue—

(*Aloud.*) And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before?

*Modus.* Not such a pair.

*Helen.* And why?

*Modus.* They are so bright!

You have a Grecian nose.

*Helen.* Indeed.

*Modus.* Indeed!

*Helen.* What kind of mouth have I?

*Modus.* A handsome one.

I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!

I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!

*Helen.* Cousin, I'm well,—you need not hold me now.

Do you not hear? I tell you I am well!

I need your arm no longer—take't away!

So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe!

Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold

Your face so close to mine? What do you mean?

*Modus.* You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.

*Helen.* What would you learn?

*Modus.* The use of lips.

*Helen.* To speak.

*Modus.* Nought else?

*Helen.* How bold my modest cousin grows!

Why, other use know you?

*Modus.* I do!

*Helen.* Indeed!

You're wondrous wise! And pray what is it?

*Modus.* (*Attempting to kiss her.*) This!

*Helen.* Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin—for my lips,



I keep them for a husband!—Nay, stand off!

I'll not be held in manacles again!

Why do you follow me?

Modus. I love you, cousin!

Helen. O cousin, say you so! That's passing strange!

Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—

A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for, And die for!

Modus. Die for!

Helen. Yes, with laughter, cousin!

For, cousin, I love you!

Modus. And you'll be mine?

Helen. I will.

Modus. Your hand upon it.

Helen. Hand and heart.

Hie to thy dressing-room, and I'll to mine—

Attire thee for the altar—so will I.

Who'er may claim me, thou't the man shall have me.

Away! Despatch! But hark you ere you go.

Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

Modus. And cousin! stop—one little word with you!

[She returns, he snatches a kiss.—  
Exeunt, Modus &c., Helen, &c.]

SCENE II.—*Julia's Chamber—tables, chairs, &c.*

Enter JULIA, &c.

Julia. No word from him, and evening now set in!

He cannot play me false! His messenger

Is dogged—or letter intercepted. I'm

Beset with spies!—No rescue!—No escape!—

The hour at hand that brings my bridegroom home!

No relative to aid me! friend to counsel me!

(A knock is heard at the door, &c.)

Go me in.

Enter two FEMALE ATTENDANTS, &c.

Your will?

First A. Your toilet waits, my lady;

'Tis time you dress.

Julia. 'Tis time I die! (A peal of bells heard without.) What's that?

First A. Your wedding bells, my lady.

Julia. Merrily

They ring my knell!

(The second attendant presents an open case.)

And pray you what are these?

Second A. Your wedding jewels.

Julia. Set them by.

Second A. Indeed

Was ne'er a braver set! A necklace, brooch,

And ear-rings all of brilliants, with a hoop

To guard your wedding ring.

Julia. 'Twould need a guard

That lacks a heart to keep it!

Second A. Here's a heart

Suspended from the necklace—one huge diamond

Imbedded in a host of smaller ones!

Oh! how it sparkles!

Julia. Show it me! Bright heart,

Thy lustre, should I wear thee, will be false,—

For thou the emblem art of love and truth,—

From her that wears thee unto him that gives thee.

Back to thy case! Better thou ne'er shouldst leave it—

Better thy gems a thousand fathoms deep  
In their native mine again, than grace my neck,  
And lend thy fair face to palm off a lie!

First A. Wilt please you dress?

Julia. Ah! in infected clothes

New from a pest-house! Leave me! if I dress,  
I dress alone! O! for a friend! Time gallops!

[Exeunt Attendants, &c.]

He that should guard me is my enemy!

Constrains me to abide the fatal die,

My rashness, not my reason cast! He comes,

That will exact the forfeit! Must I pay it?—

E'en at the cost of utter bankruptcy!

What's to be done? Pronounce the vow that parts

My body from my soul! To what it loathes

Links that, while this is link'd to what it loves!

Condemned to such perdition! What's to be done?

Stand at the altar in an hour from this!

An hour thence seated at his board—a wife!

'Thence!—frenzy's in the thought! What's to be done?

Enter MASTER WALTER, &c.

Wal. What! run the waves so high? Not ready yet!

Your lord will soon be here! The guests collect.

Julia. Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials! Do it!

Some opening for avoidance of escape,—

Or to thy charge I'll lay a broken heart!

It may be, broken vows, and blasted honour!

Or else a mind distraught!

Wal. What's this?

Julia. The strait

I'm fallen into my patience cannot bear!

It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue!

Religion! changes me into a thing,

I look at with abhorring!

Wal. Listen to me.

Julia. Listen to me, and heed me! If this contract

Thou hold'st me to—abide thou the result!

Answer to heaven for what I suffer!—act!

Prepare thyself for such calamity

To fall on me, and those whose evil stars

Have link'd them with me, as no past mishap,

However rare, and marvellously sad,

Can parallel! Lay thy account to live

A smileless life, die an unpitied death—

Abhor'd, abandon'd of thy kind,—as one

Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,—

Look'd on and saw her rashly peril it;—

And when she saw her danger, and confess'd

Her fault, compell'd her to complete her ruin!

Wal. Hast done!

Wal. Another moment, and I have.

Be warn'd! Beware how you abandon me

To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienced!

tempted

By most insufferable misery!

Bold, desperate, and reckless! Thou hast age,

Experience, wisdom, and collectedness,—

Power, freedom,—everything that I have not,

Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou canst save

me,

Thou ought'st! thou must! I tell thee at his

feet

I'll fall a corpse—ere mount his bridal bed!

So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave;

And quickly too. The hour of sacrifice  
Is near! Anon the immolating priest  
Will summon me! Devise some speedy means  
To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it!  
Nor leave the task to me.

Wal. Hast done?

Julia. I have.

Wal. Then list to me—and silently, if not  
With patience. (*Brings forward chairs—they sit.*)  
How I watch'd thee from thy childhood,  
I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom—  
Whose humble instrument I was—directed  
Your nonage should be pass'd in privacy,  
From your apt mind that far outstripp'd your  
years,

Fearing the taint of an infected world;—  
For, in the rich grounds, weeds once taking root,  
Grow strong as flowers. He might be right or  
wrong!

I thought him right; and therefore did his bidding.

Most certainly he loved you—so did I;

Ah! well as I had been myself your father!

(*His hand is resting upon his knee—  
Julia attempts to take it—he withdraws it—looks at her—she hangs  
her head.*)

Well; you may take my hand! I need not say  
How fast you grew in knowledge and in goodness,—

That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams  
So soon fulfilment realized them all!  
Enough. You came to womanhood! Your heart,  
Pure as the leaf of the consummate bud,  
That's new unfolded by the smiling sun,  
And ne'er knew blight nor canker!

(*Julia attempts to place her other  
hand on his shoulder—he leans  
from her—looks at her—she hangs  
her head again.*)

Put it there!

Where left I off? I know! When a good  
woman

Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,  
How good soe'er before! I found the man  
I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found,  
Proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,  
Occasion offering, you should be married  
Soon as you reach'd to womanhood.—You liked  
My choice—accepted him.—We came to town;  
Where, by important matter summon'd thence,  
I left you an affianced bride!

Julia. You did!

You did!

(*Leans her head upon her hand, and weeps.*)

Wal. Nay, check thy tears! Let judgment  
now,

Not passion, be awake. On my return,  
I found thee—what? I'll not describe the thing  
I found thee then! I'll not describe my pangs  
To see thee such a thing! The engineer  
Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower,  
It cost him years and years of toil to raise,—  
And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves  
To roar and whistle now—but, in a night,  
Beholds the tempests sporting in its place—  
May look aghast, as I did!

Julia. (*Falling on her knees*) Pardon me!

Forgive me! pity me!

Wal. (*Raising her.*) Resume thy seat.

I pity thee; perhaps not thee alone  
It fits to sue for pardon

Julia. Me alone!

None other!

Wal. But to vindicate myself,  
I name thy lover's stern desertion of thee.  
What wast thou then with wounded pride? 4  
thing

To leap into a torrent! throw itself  
From a precipice! rush into a fire! I saw  
Thy madness—knew to thwart it were to chafe  
it—

And humour'd it to take that course, I thought,  
Adopted, least 'twould rue!

Julia. 'Twas wisely done.

Wal. At least 'twas for the best!

Julia. To blame thee for it,  
Was adding shame to shame! But, Master  
Walter!

These nuptials!—must they needs go on?

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Ser. More guests

Arrive.

Wal. Attend to them.

[Exit Servant, L.]

Julia. Dear Master Walter!

Is there no way to escape these nuptials?

Wal. Know'st not

What with these nuptials comes? Hast thou  
forgot?

Julia. What?

Wal. Nothing!—I did tell thee of a thing.

Julia. What was it?

Wal. To forget it was a fault!

Look back and think!

Julia. I can't remember it.

Wal. (*Aside.*) Fathers, make straws your children!  
Nature's nothing!

Blood nothing! Once in other veins it runs,  
It no more yearneth for the parent flood,  
Than doth the stream that from the source dis-  
parts.

Talk not of love instinctive—what you call so  
Is but the brat of custom! Your own flesh  
By habit cleaves to you—without,  
Hath no adhesion! (*Aloud.*) So; you have  
forgot

You have a father, and are here to meet him!

Julia. I'll not deny it.

Wal. You should blush for't.

Julia. No!

No! no: hear, Master Walter! what's a father  
That you've not been to me? Nay, turn not  
from me.

For at the name a holy awe I own,  
That now almost inclines my knee to earth!  
But thou to me, except a father's name,  
Hast all the father been: the care—the love—  
The guidance—the protection of a father.  
Canst wonder, then, if like thy child I feel,—  
And feeling so, that father's claim forget  
Whom ne'er I knew, save by the name of one?  
Oh turn to me, and do not chide me! or  
If thou wilt chide, chide on! but turn to me!

Wal. (*Struggling with emotion.*) My Julia!  
(*Embraces her.*)

Julia. Now, dear Master Walter, hear me!  
Is there no way to 'scape these nuptials?

Wal. Julia,

A promise made admits not of release,  
Save by consent or forfeiture of those  
Who hold it—so it should be pondered well  
Before we let it go.—Ere man should say  
I broke the word I had the power to keep,



# THE HUNCHBACK.

I'd lose the life I had the power to part with!  
Remember, Julia, thou and I to-day  
Must to thy father of thy training render  
A strict account. While honour's left to us,  
We have something—nothing, having all but  
that.

Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia!  
Present thyself before thy bridegroom! (*She  
assents.*) Good!

My Julia's now herself! Show him thy heart,  
And to his honour leave't to set them free  
Or hold thee bound. Thy father will be by!  
[*Eceunt, Walter L., Julia, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Banqueting Room—an arch, c.*

Enter MASTER WALTER and MASTER  
HEARTWELL, c.

Hea. Thanks, Master Walter! Ne'er was child  
more bent  
To do her father's will, you'll own, than mine;  
Yet never one more forward.

Wal. All runs fair—  
Fair may all end! To-day you'll learn the cause  
That took me out of town. But soft awhile,—  
Here comes the bridegroom, with his friends, and  
here  
The all-obedient bride.

Enter JULIA through the arch, c., from L.—  
LORD ROCHDALE, LORD TINSEL, and  
Guests, through the arch, from R.—followed by  
Clifford.

Roch. (*c.*) (*To Tinsel.*) Is she not fair?  
Tin. (*L. c.*) She'll do. Your servant, lady!  
Master Walter,

We're glad to see you. Sirs, you're welcome all!  
What wait they for? Are we to wed or not?  
We're ready—why don't they present the bride?  
I hope they know she is to wed an earl.

Roc. Should I speak first?  
Tin. Not for your coronet!  
I, as your friend may make the first advance.  
We've come here to be married. Where's the  
bride?

Wal. (*R. c.*) There stands she, lord; if 'tis her  
will to wed,  
His lordship's free to take her.

Tin. Not a step!  
I, as your friend, may lead her to your lordship.  
Fair lady, by your leave.

Julia. No! not to you.  
Tin. I ask your hand to give it to his lordship.  
Julia. Nor to his lordship—save he will accept  
My hand without my heart! but I'll present  
My knee to him, and by his lofty rank,  
Implore him now to do a lofty deed  
Will lift his stately head above his rank,—  
Assert him nobler yet in worth than name,—  
And, in the place of an unwilling bride,  
Unto a willing debtor make him lord,—  
Whose thanks shall be his vassals, night and  
day

That still shall wait upon him!  
Tin. What means this?  
Julia. What is't behoves a wife to bring her  
lord?

Wal. A whole heart, and a true one.  
Julia. I have none!  
Not half a heart—the fraction of a heart!  
Am I a woman it kifts to wed?  
Wal. Why, where's thy heart?

Julia. Gone—out of my keeping!  
Lost—past recovery: right and title to it—  
And all given up! and he that's owner on't,  
So fit to wear it, were it fifty hearts,  
I'd give it to him all!  
Wal. Thou dost not mean  
His lordship's secretary?  
Julia. Yes. Away  
Disguises! in that secretary know  
The master of the heart, of which, the poor,  
Unvalued, empty casket, at your feet,—  
Its jewel gone,—I now despairing throw!

[*Kneels.*]  
Of his lord's bride he's lord! lord paramount!  
To whom her virgin homage first she paid,—  
'Gainst whom rebell'd in frowardness alone,  
Nor knew herself how loyal to him, till  
Another claim'd her duty—then awoke  
To sense of all she owed him—all his worth—  
And all her undeservings!

Tin. Lady, we come not here to treat of  
hearts,—

But marriage; which, so please you, is with us  
A simple joining, by the priest, of hands.  
A ring's put on; a prayer or two is said;  
You're man and wife,—and nothing more! For  
hearts,

We oft'n'er do without, than with them, lady!  
Ch. (*c.*) So does not wed this lady!

Tin. Who are you?  
Ch. I'm secretary to the Earl of Rochdale.

Tin. My lord!  
Roch. I know him not—

Tin. I know him now—  
Your lordship's rival! Once Sir Thomas Clif-  
ford.

Ch. Yes, and the bridegroom of that lady  
then,

Then loved her—loves her still!  
Julia. Was loved by her—

Though then she knew it not!—is loved by her,  
As now she knows, and all the world may know!  
Tin. We can't be laugh'd at. We are here to  
wed,

And shall fulfil our contract.  
Julia, Clifford!

Ch. Julia!  
You will not give your hand?

[*A pause—Julia seems utterly lost.*]  
Wal. You have forgot

Again. You have a father!  
Julia. Bring him now,—

To see thy Julia justify thy training,  
And lay her life down to redeem her word!

Wal. And so redeems her all! Is it your will,  
My lord, these nuptials should go on?

Roch. It is.  
Wal. Then it is mine they stop!

Tin. I told your lordship  
You should not keep a Hunchback for your  
agent.

Wal. Thought like my father, my good lord,  
who said

He would not have a Hunchback for his son,—  
So do I pardon you the savage slight!  
My lord, that I am not as straight as you,  
Was blemish neither of my thought nor will,  
My head nor heart. It was no act of mine,—  
Yet did it curdle nature's kindly milk  
E'en where 'tis richest—in a parent's breast—  
To cast me out to heartless forterage,  
Not heartless always, as it proved—and give



My portion to another! the same blood—  
But I'll be sworn, in vein, my lord, and soul—  
Although his trunk did swerve no more than  
yours—

Not half so straight as I.

*Tin.* Upon my life

You've got a modest agent, Rochdale! Now  
He'll prove himself descended—mark my  
words—

From some small gentleman!

*Wal.* And so you thought,  
Where nature played the churl, it would be fit  
That fortune played it too. You would have had  
My lord absolve me of my agency!

Fair lord, the flaw did cost me fifty times—

A hundred times my agency—but all's

Recovered. Look, my lord, a testament

To make a pension of his lordship's rent roll!

It is my father's, and was left by him,

In case his heir should die without a son,

Then to be opened. Heaven did send a son,

To bless the heir. Heaven took its gift away.

He died—his father died. And Master Walter—

The unsightly agent of his lordship there—

The Hunchback whom your lordship would have  
stripped

Of his agency,—is now the Earl of Rochdale!

*Tin.* We've made a small mistake here. Never  
mind,

'Tis nothing in a lord.

*Julia.* The Earl of Rochdale!

*Wal.* And what of that? Thou know'st not  
half my greatness!

A prouder title, Julia, have I yet,

Sooner than part with which I'd give that up,

And be again plain Master Walter. What!

Dost thou not apprehend me! Yes, thou dost!

Command thyself—don't gasp! My pupil—  
daughter!

Come to thy father's heart!

(*Julia rushes into his arms.*)

*Enter FATHOM, L. C.*

*Fat.* Thievery! Elopement—escape—arrest!

*Wal.* What's the matter?

*Fat.* Mistress Helen is running away with  
Master Modus—Master Modus is running away  
with Mistress Helen—but we have caught them,  
secured them, and here they come, to receive the  
reward of their merits.

*Enter HELEN and MODUS through the arch,  
L. C., followed by Servants.*

*Helen.* I'll ne'er wed man, if not my cousin  
Modus.

*Modus.* Nor woman I, save cousin Helen's she.

*Wal.* (*To Master Heartwell.*) A daughter have  
you, and a nephew too,

Without their match in duty! Let them marry.

For you, sir, who to-day have lost an earldom,  
Yet would have shared that earldom with my  
child—

My only one—content yourself with prospect

Of the succession—it must fall to you.

And fit yourself to grace it. Ape not those

Who rank by pride. The man of simplest bear-  
ing

Is yet a lord, when he's a lord indeed!

*Tin.* The paradox is obsolete. Ne'er heed!

Learn from his book, and practise out of mine!

*Wal.* Sir Thomas Clifford, take my daughter's  
hand!—

If now you know the master of her heart!

Give it, my Julia! You suspect, I see,

And rightly, there has been some masking here.

Content thee, daughter, thou shalt know anon,

How jealousy of my mis-shapen back

Made me mistrustful of a child's affections—

Who doubted e'en a wife—so that I dropped

The title of thy father, lest thy duty

Should pay the debt thy love could solve alone.

All this and more, that to thy friends and thee

Pertains, at fitting time thou shalt be told.

But now thy nuptials wait—the happy close

Of thy hard trial—wholesome, though severe!

The world won't cheat thee now—thy heart's  
proved;—

Thou know'st thy peace by finding out its bane,  
And ne'er wilt act from reckless impulse more!

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*Servants.*

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